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BY ADAM SMITH

PICK YOUR OIL SCENARIO

Will the OPEC price hold? Will it crash? Will it come gently down?

IF 1 American seems obsessed by oil prices, it is because the price of oil can mean boom or bust, recession or inflation, jobs or no jobs. Lower oil prices could put more money in your pocket than the Reagan tax cuts. But will we get lower oil prices? Will OPEC regain its former power or will it even survive?

That question also obsesses Sheikh Mansur al-Otaibi, a wealthy, dapper man of thirty-seven. Sheikh Otaibi comes from a wealthy merchant family in Abu Dhabi, one of the small oil-producing states on the Persian Gulf (or the Arabian Gulf, as the Arabs also call it). Sheikh Otaibi is the oil minister of the United Arab Emirates, of which Abu Dhabi is one member. An UAE oil minister, Sheikh Otaibi has attended OPEC meetings for his part now. I am told that at home he wears a traditional kumby and robe, but when I met him he was dressed in conservative Saudi Row business garb. Sheikh Otaibi has the standard appearance of the Gulf rich, which is to say three Rolls-Royces, three elegant residences in London and one in Geneva, a palace in Abu Dhabi with bullet-proof windows, four wives, and a legion that travels with him, first-class, in the seat beside him.

More relevant to Sheikh Otaibi's Ph.D. from the University of Cairo, where he completed a thesis titled "OPEC and the Petroleum Money." One controversial point in Sheikh Otaibi's thesis is his conviction that back in 1973 the Nixon administration encouraged OPEC to quadruple its prices. In 1970 the price of oil was \$2.68 a barrel, and last year the price was \$34.

The difference in those two oil prices means that money with the pockets of Americans at the gas pumps (and also as they paid their heating bills, bought plastic products, and so on) went essentially to the Mercedes dealers in Riyadh, Jeddah, Dubai, Abu Dhabi, and Kuwait. The swelling of the money from Western pockets



acted like a tax: it was a deterrent on the Western economies. More money for oil means less money for everything else.

OPEC did not push the price from \$2.68 to \$34 all by itself; it was helped by an embargo in the Middle East (1973), the Iranian revolution (1978), and inflationary psychology and several buyer panics. Buyers such as the major oil companies and countries without oil, like Japan, thought oil would go to \$50 a barrel, or even \$70 a barrel. OPEC looked enormously powerful.

Then the marketplace began to work: people had forgotten that it could. Thirty dollars plus a barrel encouraged a frantic search for new oil. Anybody who could switch to coal, selling them at the thermal equivalent of \$3 a barrel of oil, did so. Gas guzzlers went out of style, and automobile collages began to increase. All of a sudden there was plenty of oil; not only was the world economy depressed (oil-rich nations use less power) but a lot of switching

to other fuels had occurred. (The Three Mile Island crisis and nuclear-power construction here have obscured the development of nuclear power elsewhere.) The British, for example, now get a third of their power from nuclear plants.)

OPEC's share of the world oil market was dropping, and the price threatened to break unless some OPEC members hit the brakes and cut their production. Meanwhile, the oil producers, especially those with large populations, such as Nigeria and Venezuela, had gotten used to a high rate of spending. So it was with great tension that the OPEC parties met in London this spring and wrangled away for twelve days. The British were shaving the prices of their North Sea oil, which caused the Nigerians, who sell to some of the same customers, to shave theirs. In London, the OPEC members with large populations said they needed all their oil income; they said the richer members with smaller populations should take the cut in production.

At one point during the meeting Sheikh Otaibi broke into verse. If his poem sounds a bit like one composed at a birthday party about a number of awakens, remember it was written first in Arabic and then translated.

I am truly troubled and with OPEC distressed,
OPEC's major crisis is no longer suppressed.

The market is stagnant, the price of crude oil depressed.

To each a share in the market,
And let supplies be divided,
And an reduction of the price
Cannot by now be avoided.

Let us agree and all declare:
"A new measure is decided,
Let us lose these markets we seek,
And feel disturbed as needed."

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DO WE COME ALL THIS WAY AND SUFFER GAS LINES AND HIGH HEATING BILLS AND RECESSION AND UNEMPLOYMENT JUST TO HAVE OPEC SURVIVE IN THE END?

What we have said all ministers
We understood and know
Not complaining is difficult
When predictions show
That each pits himself and leads
Struck by an expert blow

Sheikh Othman went on to describe how
"with Dikko we have all pleased." Yehya
Dikko, Nigeria's oil minister, did not take
kindly to the reference, especially when
the Sheikh's version appeared in the *Financial Times*.

The price of oil is falling down.
Reduction does now look inevitable.
So let us discuss clear quotas
Through decisions may seem
impossible.
The least of evils seems the best.
Then choice rests with what is
acceptable.

Sheikh Othman is not-unknown, but he is
plainly not aware of his audience. And it had
an effect. The London meeting was moved
at the eleventh hour: OPEC cut the price to
\$29. Everybody was to cut their produc-
tion a bit, and the Saudis were to be the
"swing producer" and make the bigger
cuts—whatever was needed to prop up
the price at \$29 a barrel.

Some time later, misinterpreted parties
questioned Sheikh Othman. Did he think
the \$29 price would hold? Well, yes, he
said firmly, he thought it would. Wouldn't
some OPEC members "cheat" and sell oil
at a bit lower to get larger sales and a
bigger share of the market? Well, that was
always possible, but it wasn't anybody's
interest to cheat and possibly cause a price
crash, because that everybody would be
worse off, and so he rebuked but cheered.
What if price rose-OPEC produced out the
price? The Russians, for instance. They
are big oil exporters and need high oil prices.
Sheikh Othman said he would not tell the
Russians and didn't plan to. What if
Mexico cut its oil out the price? "We would
talk to them in a friendly way and say it was
not in their interest." What if the price of oil
leveled off and turned around. Would those
who cut back soon stop to reconsider what
they had lost, or would there be a surprise?

Ma? "We're not quite up to that," said
Sheikh Othman. What if the live-long war
were to end and both countries needed
money to rebuild? What if, what if, what if?

THE STAKES are so high that everybody
plays woe-d. But Sheikh Othman does not
know, nor does Sheikh Yehya, nor do
Kosov, Timor, and Mobil. But there are
some possible scenarios.

The price levels sharply. Brazil shaves

the price a bit more, the Nigerian get
serious, and Yehya Dikko with some oil
"but the luck does," that is, he discounts
the price in some way to keep-up Nigeria's
sales. Oil buyers, sensing the price crisis,
hold back on their purchases. Maybe they
can buy cheaper elsewhere in the mar-
ketplace. There is a panic on the way
down, just as there was a panic on the way
up. The buyers finally come back in at \$35
or \$40 a barrel.

I was looking for the scenario, on the
theory that cheaper oil means a boom,
but it makes a lot of people nervous. For
one thing, oil companies stop looking for
oil because they don't know what the price
will be, so the oil on hand stops getting
used up and then when the demand falls,
the oil is sold in very cheap—oil enters a V
on the charts. That kind of change can
shake the world economy. It also leaves a lot of
bodies high and dry, because the banks have a
lot of loans out that assume the oil price is at
\$35 a barrel. The oil loans are not sent to
oil-producing countries like Mexico but to a
lot of middle-sized oil companies and
drilling contractors.

The conventional wisdom now dismisses
the problems of loans to oil pro-
ducers, which would be done
to boost at \$35 on the theory that oil ex-
porters like Brazil would have an easier
time paying back their loans. "What you
lose on Mexico you gain on Brazil," goes
the wisdom. The problem is that the
loans on loans to Mexico would come
very fast and the price on Brazil take time,
so there is a mismatch of timing on how
quickly the banks get paid back by Brazil
and Mexico, and a timing mismatch can
break a bank. A second scenario.

The price levels at \$29. The economic
recovery gathers momentum, the Saudis
shut down their oil production to the absolute
maximum necessary to keep the mar-
ketplace in the oil fields working, the first
half the loss, the Nigerian don't sell out
the back door, nobody cheats, and the
demand for oil picks up below the current
level to nervous.

I would find this a little disappointing.
Did we come all this way and suffer gas
lines and higher heating bills and recession
and unemployment just to have the cartel
survive in the end? We never see lower
prices? Mahan Prasad, the University of
Chicago economist, says cartels never
survive and that the real price of oil is
about \$40, everything else is a pique. Of
course, he also said oil would never go
above \$30. A third scenario.

The price falls down pretty, and keeps
floating down. Oil comes in at levels of
grit and quantities. Somebody could

shave the price on heavy crude, which has
been moving slowly, and there would be a
gradual price reduction on all grades. Say
the Venezuelan government loses the
election and the new oil minister wants to
let the Venezuelan people share of the
market, so Venezuela puts a controlled
schedule in which some grades go up and
some go down but the net effect is a price
reduction. The world starts coming out of
recession, but not moving out. Con-
sumers and fuel switching continues, be-
cause oil is still so much cheaper than oil.
Bigger cars make a comeback but small
cars continue to be popular and even the
bigger cars get better mileage. The
Nigerian government tells Yehya Dikko
not to cut the price but to get more in-
come, so through Philip Brothers, the
worldwide commodity brokers, he turns
oil for trucks, oil for road-building equip-
ment, and oil for a new refinery. The
batter price comes out around \$25 a barrel.
The banks have time to bail out Mexico,
and the Brazilians are able to pay back
their loans faster. Some middle-sized oil
producers in Texas and Oklahoma
close, and the prices are picked up by
other oil companies. The failed propo-
sals get back into business, some of them
using the very same equipment they had
before; they issue it from the banks they
defaulted to, which now own the rigs. A
couple of banks are insolvent, but they are
taken over smoothly by other banks.

This is probably the scenario to put the
OPEC members on a pedestal. Paul Volcker,
the chairman of the Federal Reserve,
whether lower oil prices would make his
job of controlling inflation easier. "I'd like
to see the price come down," he said, "but
not too fast, not too fast."

The worst scenarios are a banking crisis
that throws the world into depression, now
considered not so likely, or a rebounding
of inflation that sends the oil back into the
psychology of the 1970s. It was this psy-
chology that helped give OPEC its opportu-
nity of the "ankle tapping" and hoarding
not only by motorists but by oil and chemi-
cal companies and even by consumers.

Lower oil prices do not only mean
cheaper fuel. The psychology created by
falling oil prices can extend to interest
rates, does not only would the gasoline
become cheaper, so would the financing of
the car. We could actually have some solid
good times, without high inflation and with
healthy growth. It has been a long while
since we have experienced them. It is time
for OPEC to take a production quota,
dugger, Mexico, and oil.

ADAM SAWYER is the author of *The Money Game*,
Supremacy Power of Mind and Paper Money.



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ETHICS

BY ANTHONY BRANDT

THE POWER OF THE SECRET

An act of trust doesn't come without strings

A FEW years ago I was taking the train to the city with a neighbor when he started talking about a phone call he'd received the day before. "One of the local stars," he said. "She was coming on to me. Telling me that she was very sympathetic in her outrage, and I seemed so, yes, naive, sympathetic. Could we have lunch, this sort of thing. There are a lot of unhappy women out there, let me tell you."

"I know, I know," I said reflexively. "Who was she?" "I can't tell you that," he answered, looking sideways at me. Then he added: "Maybe it was your wife."

He was not always a nice man. I didn't reply, he was off his minute and then told me he was just kidding.

"Right," I said dryly, and let it go at that. He could have his secret. I had mine. I happened to know that her wife was unhappily married

and coming on to every man in sight, and more than one of them was sleeping with her. She spilled all this to me one afternoon at a small garden party when he was off chatting up somebody else. She needed to talk to someone, she told me. I seemed so sympathetic. And as an old, old catty woman like these women with us, and most of us, in my experience, are not very good at keeping their secrets. This is not just an impression. I have evidence to back me up. In a study done at the University of California, psychologists found that out of 133 subjects who vowed to keep a secret, seventy-two (over half) of the subjects broke the vow. So says the *National Enquirer*, at my rate, and I believe this. Some people are good at keeping secrets, but the rest? I can't tell my neighbor on the train about his wife, but I did tell my closest friend, who was also a neighbor, and I do not doubt he told his wife, who may have told her closest friend, and so on.

Just because so many people don't keep secrets is no excuse for not keeping them, when someone has trusted us with a secret and we break that trust, what others



do doesn't count—we, not others, are breaking a trust. But the more is not that straightforward. Secrets are paradoxical: they so must be kept, but they're also meant, at some secret, to be passed on. The act of trust tends to extend itself: someone trusts us with a secret, and we in turn trust someone else with it. It's almost as if we were passing a coin around or some other symbolic object. The value is in the exchange, not the object. I trust you, you share everyone, and to prove it I will tell you something only one or two other people know. I thereby mount you one of the secret, as the know, a person worthy of confidence. A member.

Secrets, in other words, are a medium of social exchange, more so meaningful as when we're not helping them. That's why I don't get too excited when somebody spills one of my secrets, or feel too gaily when I'm passing on somebody else's. You have to pick and choose in these matters: you don't reveal a man's secret love affairs

to his wife, you don't put people in harm's way if you can help it. But generally secrets are meant to be passed on. The person who tells you his secret not only wants to foster goodwill, you are his good and trustworthy friend—but he also will expect you, I am convinced, to tell others. It starts like this, after all, as a man who has secrets, it makes him interesting, exciting, an object of attraction, a more complicated person than we had all previously imagined. More mysterious. Romantic. Almost all of us want our secrets known eventually, it's one reason there are so many tabloid magazines in the world, and one reason we find them. I think of secrets as essentially plot devices, a way of delaying important revelations until the appropriate moment, a way of manufacturing suspense. I don't hold the plots in Westerns built around secrets, all of which finally get revealed? What would Dallas be without its secrets?

Some people use secrets in just this way, that is, to manipulate and dominate themselves. An old friend, a woman I'm terribly fond of, does it all the time. She lets it be known that she has something extremely important to tell you, she catches you at a moment when you'll tell no one else, not even your mother, not even people who don't know her and never will, and then she looks at you very significantly and says in a hushed voice: "Now this is big." Her voice. "Who 'he' is you have to guess. Generally it turns out to be her father, with whom she's had a troubled relationship for years, or her ex-husband, a dissolute character himself, who used to be, strangely enough, a spy. The secret she then goes on to tell you is almost always something nasty her father said or did to her that hurt her, or some secret her ex-husband may be involved in. It's hard to pick and choose. I never tell anyone about her father: that's deep and dark, that's the real thing. But her ex-

WE LIKE KNOWING PEOPLE'S SECRETS BECAUSE IT GIVES US A FEELING OF POWER. WE GET THE SAME FEELING FROM PASSING A SECRET ON; IT'S A SIGN THAT WE'VE BEEN INITIATED.

husband's secret? He's clever and amusing. Without telling anyone who he is, I sometimes pass him stories on.

Picking and choosing isn't always this simple, however. For one thing, there's the problem, which one out unexpectedly in either direction. Secrets may be mediums of social exchange, but the rule is that you're not supposed to tell them. If you do and you're caught, then you're almost-worthless, you're a gossip or tattletale, you're not my friend anymore. Don't tell them that tell them, it's a double bind. There these are secrets that should be told, yet you're honor-bound to keep them. An Air Force general once told a friend of mine that what was happening in Vietnam that was more horrible than anything they could tell to be revealed, but she had promised to tell no one. She found out a few days later that the press already knew what was going on and that her role of the book, but she admits that she never really reached the point.

THE OTHER side of all this is that you have a certain power over people who you know their secrets—the power to embarrass them in public, the power to easily cause to do their sense kind of harm. I was reminded of this recently when a good friend called me about one of the members and asked me to get him out of jail. He'd been picked up doing seventy-seven in a fifty-five-mile-per-hour zone and he'd been arrested. The Reverend said, "The police wouldn't let him drive his car home and wouldn't let him out and everybody came to pick him up. Would I be on his side any, and I was embarrassed. Of course, I said, "What are friends for?"

In this case friends were definitely the wrong people. I was involved in an unusually delicate business negotiation at the time that required him to demonstrate an almost unassailable degree of privacy, and as a negotiator on both parties, we have let the deal I bought his secret, but I bought him unassurably over the next few weeks, dropping vague hints when we would be standing together talking to people at parties. But at this point, right with the hints, telling people something that he was of course a dangerous liar. Good natured fun, nothing more. So he took it, so it was meant. It had an edge to it, though. One man was standing outside that they had the goods on him, that he was owed one. "I had been paid to last night with no more," he became a line from Shakespeare, but not necessarily later (the power of emotions).

Most social intercourse has an edge to it. I recognize it in myself. I see it in others. We like knowing other people's secrets

because it gives us a feeling of power. We get the same feeling from passing a secret on, it's a sign that we've been initiated, that we're in the know. It's the same feeling that we have about the fact that other people might be in the know who we're not, or that they might have let her secrets to tell than our own. I was invited to a small gathering for lunch this summer and one of the other guests, trying to loosen up the party, suggested that we play "Truth." A personality versus parlor game in which you ask questions and everyone must answer honestly, without evasion. The first two questions were "Who's the most beautiful person you've slept with?" and "When did you last have sex?" I was silent, folks, I said to myself, I'm not so sure I want to play this game. One gentleman suddenly decided to speak at all. I answered the second question by took the Fifth Amendment in the presence of people were my friends, they weren't about to be concerned with the story, but a perfectionist, I'd always been taught, doesn't lose and tell.

It may be perfectly innocent, however, I must admit that another nature was at work here as well. In a gathering where a well-known actor's name was mentioned, and that of a genuine English duchess, and a Presidential election, the embarrassing truth was that I had no great sense of humor. I had never slept with anyone except my husband.

Now, well, as the end, not to have secrets, to live so innocently and transparently that on every spring night, when after dinner when couples are being upped and rigors involved, you have nothing to reveal about yourself. Evidently I would rather make up secrets than not have them. I do, in fact, in a suspect all of us do, have things to hide: secret shames, undiscovered talents, nervousness of pettinous or vicious desires, feelings of generosity, balance of will. Occasionally, with people I trust, I confess myself. I feel away a layer. They peel one of them away in turn. So you have secrets candy-bone babies, have you? Yes, and you have sleep with an English duchess, and she was married.

It is all part of the larger global game of social relationships, which is also potentially vicious but by very last retains its profound interest. We are deeply ambivalent about our secrets, because they are secret, secrets to hold in the summer to which we really do. Why else would they be secrets? We want to reveal them and we don't. That's a game whose rules are intensely flexible.

ANYWAY, AGAIN, it's a game whose rules are intensely flexible. ANYWAY, AGAIN, it's a game whose rules are intensely flexible. ANYWAY, AGAIN, it's a game whose rules are intensely flexible.

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Ranked consistently to performance, the Escort is fast, strong, and the most advanced technology and the most advanced technology in the world.

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ESCORT WINS
FEB 1983 CAR AND DRIVER TEST

Ranked consistently to performance, the Escort is fast, strong, and the most advanced technology and the most advanced technology in the world.

FOR INFORMATION
As of this date, the Escort is the most advanced car in the world. It's a quality piece of hardware.



ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"

—CAR AND DRIVER

If you keep up with regular tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just superior radar detection, it is the most advanced radar car and driver combined. The Escort radar receiver is designed to detect all radar signals, even those that are not in the line of sight. It's a quality piece of hardware.

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While being a radar receiver, it is also a powerful driver of a car that can compare to all the best dealer dealer cars can buy. The Escort a quality piece of hardware.

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At first it was not an option. At first ESCORT was not a radar receiver. It was a quality piece of hardware.

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With ST/OP, we've got the complete necessary to keep you safe in a radar receiver. It's a quality piece of hardware.

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The problem with the Escort is that it's a quality piece of hardware. It's a quality piece of hardware.

It's Simple
If you want the best, there's no need to look elsewhere. It's a quality piece of hardware.

Do It Today
If you want the best, there's no need to look elsewhere. It's a quality piece of hardware.

THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT
It's a quality piece of hardware. It's a quality piece of hardware.

Speed Delivery
If you want the best, there's no need to look elsewhere. It's a quality piece of hardware.

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AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

THE GOODS

At this factory, the daily production is 1.1 million—and that's serious business

OUT PAST the railroad tracks in a drab industrial section of Trenton, New Jersey, is a long, low-slung, mustard-colored building. This is the building where they manufacture Trojans.

They manufacture Trojan twenty-four hours a day. More than 1.1 million Trojans are a good day. 170 million Trojans a year. There are other brands of condoms for sale, but in the United States the word "Trojan" has become almost generic. The Trojan brand—which was launched more than fifty years ago—accounts for 50 percent of the condoms sold in drugstores in the U.S., all of the other manufacturers split the rest of the market.

Nowhere in the outside of the building is the word "Trojan" apparent just the name of the parent company, Youngs Rubber Corporation.

THE MANAGER of operations and planning at the Trojan plant is Barry Kress, thirty-seven, a former lieutenant commander in the Navy. A nice, serious man in a dark blue suit and crisp white shirt, he sits behind a tidy desk, at least it is a coffee cup looks the agent's manager's comment.

At no time does Kress use the term "condom," or "prophylactic," or "rubber" when mentioning the product that is manufactured in this building. Instead he refers to what is made here as "the goods."

"The goods come in seven different varieties," Kress says. "Regular, apple-and, apple-and lubricated, ribbed..." He says, "When the goods are shipped from our plant."

When he is explaining the inside workings of the product, he reaches into a top desk drawer and comes out with a foil-wrapped Trojan. He opens the package and still unrolling—it's the condom to his mouth. He blows into it and inflates it, then hands it to me for inspection.

Kress says he is trained with two sons,



"What is that smell?" I say to Kress. "I don't smell anything," he says.

THE INTERIOR of the Trojan plant looks like some woodcut used to illustrate the Iron Age. It is an old cinderblock. There is absolutely nothing high-tech about what is done here: the four main manufacturing machines, each as long as a city block, crank and grate and resemble as they do their cinderblock look.

Inside the machine we are standing in front of, 3,412 glass lenses in the shape of pennies move, pointing downward, along a conveyor belt. The lenses are dipped into liquid latex. They are pulled out of the latex, with a thin rubber coating now laminated on the glass. They are heat-dried. They are deposited second time. A ring is mechanically formed around the top of each new condom. This is applied to prevent the condoms from sticking to themselves. The condoms are mechanically

rolled out of the glass lenses in preparation for the next step of the process.

Kress raises his voice to be heard above the roar of the machines. "The goods are tumbled dry to remove the excess latex," he says. "Follow me."

"I GUESS this gets to the job we all want to sell each other," I say to Kress. "What job is that?" he says.

"Well, you know," I say. "When a lot of boys is rubber, his friends ask him what size he got. But if he's obvious from looking at these things being made that they're all the same size."

"Actually, that's not true," Kress says. "The size is standard across the world for these goods. An American size and a Japanese size."

"What's the difference?" I say.

"The Japanese size is smaller," Kress says. "When you buy one of these goods for and measure its width, it is 5 1/2 inches wide. It is 7 1/2 inches long. The

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WHEN YOU FIRST CAME TO WORK HERE, I GUESS YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO BE A PRETTY SEXY JOB," NEED SAYS. "BUT BEFORE LONG YOU QUIT TELLING PEOPLE WHERE YOU WORK."

Ingemar standard is forty-two millimeters wide and 6.3 inches long.

AS WE walk through the factory, we pass some of the more than two hundred loaves in boxes who drink the three daily shifts at the Trojan plant. They are members of the United Rubber, Cork, Linoleum and Plastic Workers of America.

Jack Kress of the workers are allowed to take samples of the product home.

"There's no official policy on it," he says. "But we've always said if you want it, you did. We make as many each day, it wouldn't make any real difference."

He says that, despite the recent rugged economy, there have been no layoffs in the Trojan plant.

"In a recession, our business is actually going up a little bit," he says. "People tend to stay home instead of going out."

EACH OF the sixteen plus Trojans that are manufactured daily is individually tested for holes in the sole.

Each Trojan that comes off the line goes to the testing room. Here, women using a long-tailed slip the Trojans over more lumps—called marbles—that move by an another conveyor belt. These marbles, also long and thin, are made of steel, they point upward. After the women place Trojans over them, the marbles are dropped into an electrolytic solution of any of the charged solution gets through a crevice and makes contact with a steel-marbled, a chemical reaction is triggered and the Trojan is rejected.

The steel marbles move past the women in rapid, unrelenting succession. In front of each woman is a bin full of new Trojans. All day long she reaches into the bin, catches one with a Trojan, slips it over the top of a marble, then reaches back into the bin for another Trojan before the next marble moves past her.

Some of the women are right handed, some left handed. Some are right handed, some left handed. Some are both hands. There is no mixing in the room, there is no visual diversion, just the marbles moving. When you first catch sight of the women doing their job, you are struck by two immediate impressions: first, that they be one of the most diligent, meticulous, orderly forces of human endeavor; and second, these women would only make great dates.

AS THE marbles pass by the women and the Trojans are slipped over the tops, I approach several of the women and talk to them. The conveyor belt does not stop, the women continue to work with the Tro-

jans and the marbles while we speak.

A fifty-three-year-old grandmother named Wilma Holloway tells me she has been doing this for seventeen years. "It took me about six weeks to learn," she says. "The trick is in how you pick them up."

I ask her what she thinks about all day while she is doing this.

Grady Green, a thirty-three-year-old Trojan who has brown hair, the brown hair is loaded with tracks and dandruff around the neck. Kress hardly looks up as he accepts the small packages from the end of the conveyor belt and arranges them in the larger crates.

"When you first come to work here, I guess you think it's going to be a pretty sexy job," Kress says. "I mean, this is an awfully honest product. But before long you can tell just plain where you work."

"The money in this isn't going to reject one of two ways. Either they're going to think it's tremendously interesting, and they're going to ask you questions all night about it. Or they're going to think it's boring, and make a lot of jokes."

"I just say that I'm a machine operator, or a shipping clerk. It makes things easier."

LIKE THE Trojan factory itself, the large brown crates in which the individual packages of condoms are packed for shipping do not have the word "Trojan" printed anywhere on their exterior.

"That was a conscious decision," Kress says. "These things sit around a lot of docks on their way in their destinations. We feel that if we were to print the name of the product on the outside of the shipping box, it would become a fairly palatable item in transit."

AS I leave the Trojan factory, I pass through the reception area. A secretary is on the telephone, a security camera is scanning a black-and-white picture of the parking lot onto a TV monitor: a copy of *Playboy's* *Playboy* is placed on a table.

Behind me, behind a series of doors, are the machines and marbles and rollers and workers. Ahead of me, the real world waits again. On a table, someone has left a package of Trojans. On its front, the design is soft pink; a young couple is shown in profile, strolling on a deserted beach. The printed address is brief and to the point: FOR PHILADELPHIA, IN PA.

DAN GREENE is a contributing writer of *Esquire* magazine.

KRESS is busy; he is due in another part of the plant, used to test the strength and

rejection of the Trojans. Here the condoms are placed into a machine that inflates them automatically.

"You'd be amazed at how big these things can get," Kress says.

And indeed the machine does blow the Trojans up until they're approximately the size of shopping bags.

WE WALK through the shipping area, Charles Reed, forty-four, who has been working in the Trojan plant for twenty

two years, inspecting the individual condoms of Trojans who have brown hair, the brown hair is loaded with tracks and dandruff around the neck. Kress hardly looks up as he accepts the small packages from the end of the conveyor belt and arranges them in the larger crates.

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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

21

BY ROBERT BRODY

THE THRILL OF THE THROW

You've always known how, with practice, now you can do it well

ALL I wanted from life at age eleven, if you love, not cheat later and a first season's key, was to throw a fastball no one could see, much less hit. In two or two stacked games, I'd pitch a balling throw ball at the strike zone pointed on our elementary school with all the force my ninety-two-pound body had available. To throw harder and more accurately, I'd experiment with my delivery, giving three-quarters arm extension, overhead the next, face switching to underarm. I even tried a high-kicking windmill, reminiscent of a whiplash. My gymnasiums were so intense that I often threw off target. In my frustration, at last, I was terribly fast, probably the next Sandy Kousser. The rule book, though, was that my fastball was easy to see and easier still to hit, a pitch with all the velocity of a cheap skate racing for a check.

Knowing how to throw is important—next to running, throwing a ball is the most fundamental skill in sports. Warming a runner at first base, hitting a fastball home long, passing to the point guard downcourt—all entail the launching of a projectile into flight toward a specific destination. Throwing holds a unique appeal even for adults. Ever notice how much kids like to throw objects? Most babies would just as soon toss a rattle as chew on it. Kids are crazy about flinging sticks, rocks, balloons, Frisbees, paper airplanes, water balloons—you name it. My first interest after soccer, even as an older child, was to check a soccerball at the nearest bus.

Anyone who practices throwing can learn to throw harder, farther, and more accurately without strain or risk of injury. With the right technique (nothing complicated—your brain already knows your arm) you'll fire better punts from the backstop, stronger passes on a down-and-out, smoother Forebears plays at the beach. Maybe you'll even find it easier to pick a bus with windows.



WHAT EXACTLY is throwing? Well, throwing is much like the workings of a catapult. That's why certain quarterbacks and right fielders are said to have a "gun" for an arm. The idea is throwing is like you to generate enough initial thrust with your body to accelerate your throwing arm, propelling an object into the air, against the pull of gravity. By the laws of physics, you can fire that object no later than you can pump your throwing arm past before release. In turn, your arm moves in its arc only as fast as your body can make it go.

Courtesy to Jack Kiloburn, throwing is by no means "all in the wrist." At its best, throwing involves a sequence of motions synchronized to create torque, or force through rotation. You have to turn your whole body into a network of levers, pulleys, and fulcrums points. That way the angular movements caused by the joints are translated into linear passage of the object through.

Let's look briefly at the anatomy of a

baseball pitch. As you draw your throwing arm back behind your head you shift weight onto your back foot, swiveling your pelvis, trunk, and shoulders back in succession. Now you reverse the process. Weight is transferred to your striking leg. Your hips, trunk, and shoulders are twisted forward. At this key moment, with your shoulders swinging laterally, your elbow hyperextended, your forearm and wrist flexed tight, all the muscles at play are designated that they must contract forcefully, like a rubber band stretched, then released. For a fraction of a second you actually deactivate the muscles to consolidate power, and step forward. Momentum takes over the job as you barrel yourself into the pitch. Your arm sweeps forward. Your wrist snaps like a whip. The ball, loose, spinning, flies your hand.

In the most effective throws, then, each arc of motion leads to a smaller arc, from rotation of the hips, trunk, and shoulders to the turning of the forearm and wrist. It's as if an electrical current were rippling through your nerves and muscles. "The principle," says Gabeira Andri, who directs biomechanical research for the U.S. Olympic Committee, "is to transmit the energy you generate from the lower body to your upper body. The most important element in throwing is to accelerate your entire body against gravity."

Not everyone, alas, can throw with grace and finesse. What specific physical qualities does it take to hurl a baseball sixty miles an hour? An 180-pound Ron Gaudry of the New York Yankees proves, body weight bears little relation to how hard one can throw a light object. In addition, an arm as thick as a suspension bridge cable doesn't necessarily throw any better than one with Whippets like overcoated spaghetti.

On the other hand, a muscle with a tightly knit cross (Continued on page 32)

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SMART MONEY
It Always Paid to Advertise



Around the turn of the century, a product called Diving Cee Coffine appeared in stores. The name was meant to suggest that the brand was served aboard the aquatic Pullman diving cars. In addition to its containers for the coffee, the company produced

The tin is worth thousands of dollars, since it is one of a kind, but the Kansas City, Missouri, owner is not about to sell. So whether Lesley Barnett, a San Francisco advertising executive, would actually

Such yearning plays a big part in the game of collecting old advertising. Some collectors, in fact, live in expectation of the day their hoard of memorabilia will double or even triple their investment. Others, like Barnett, collect because the pieces provide a historical record of the economy.

In the years before the Civil War, nearly all manufacturing, retailing, and merchandising was transacted on a small, provincial basis. Promotional needs were easily satisfied by a sign over the door, business

PACKAGING THE PRODUCT

Coincidental with the boom in trade cards was a revolution in store packaging. In the early days of the country stores many goods were dispensed from large tin storage bins supplied by the merchant by the manufacturer. Initially, no attention was given to brand names, but as business developed so did competition. Manufacturers saw that if they were to attract the customer's eye, they would have to provide a point-of-purchase advertisement by decorating the bin with the product name. Since the notion of packing the goods in individual containers evolved as well.

By the 1930s, new color processes and photolithographic techniques had been developed, but the pictures produced were not as beautiful as those of earlier years, and angriness, alas, was on the decline. Experts agree that the most creative advertising memorabilia were produced prior to 1930.

Collectors of old advertising may go as far by company name, by product category, by shape and size of the piece, or by time period. Still, there are some items that just about all collectors consider special.

- **Boly Poly Tobacco** line
One of six different characters

(Satisfied Customer, Stonekeeper, Singing Writer, Minny, Dutchman, Man from Scotland Yard) appears on these round tin. The "little people" have been known to command prices as high as \$1,750 apiece.

• **Mechanical trade cards**
The "mechanicals" had moving parts. The Mother Gray's syrup card, for example, is a cut-out figure of a nurse with a wheel of four hinged feet that carry Mother Gray to her sick patient. These are the rarest cards today, because the moving parts are so much damaged.

- **Trade cards** by famous printers. Those made by Carrer & Ben and Louis Prang & Company are highly priced.
- **State tags.** As country stores have been dismantled few have been preserved. In excellent condition they sell for hundreds or even thousands of dollars.

CRACKS AND CONCRETE

As competition intensified, other plans appeared to encourage customers' trade: giveaways and premiums (items offered in return for a nominal payment of cash or coupons). Among these ubiquitous signs of early commerce,

- **Hand fans.** Made of paper, cardboard, straw, or celluloid, fans were most often decorated with pictures of appealing children and beautiful women, no matter how tenuous the connection with the product.

- **Pin-back buttons** They were tasteless except for advertising, and indeed, they made their wearers walking advertisements.

- Pocket mirrors. Circular, oval, or rectangular mirrors hinged everything from kitchen ranges to wash-sinks, about. Mirrors in good

Man At His Best

cardigan are scarce, because the glass often broke and the celluloid backing became distorted and scratched.

And more: Measuring tape cases, match safes, paperweights, folding toothpicks, ashtrays, letter openers, bookends, milk-bottle openers, buttonholes, stickers, money clips, whetstones, and cricket mallets are just a sampling of the possibilities open to the collector of giveaways in premiums.

RARE BITS

Age is not the sole indicator of the value of old advertising. Rarely advertising that depicts a historical scene is particularly precious, as are pieces that represent some major development in industry. At the turn of the century, for instance, many small firms entered the pressure of trusts, those large companies formed by the merger of two smaller manufacturers; some lost their place when the larger won more than it merited.

Trying to find rare pieces may be tedious, but it's often better to begin with a category in which supply is more plentiful, such as grocers or grocers, such as grocers or grocers. On the other hand, there is much to be had for holding out for the rare, one-of-a-kind items every collector hungers for. Lester Bennett

collected seven years to get one covered piece—a small tin that once held The Moroccan Bitter. (Dorling Kindersley, a firm that has purchased 750,000 copies of THE MORRIS, MORRIS and MORRIS, MORRIS. Do any anyone caused the point, the tin sported a full-length female nude.)

A beginning collector should look for a club that has regular meetings and for a wide variety for collectors of advertising memorabilia. Some organizations: The Ephraim Society, P.O. Box 165, Hildesheim, New Hampshire 03044; American Historical Print Collectors Society, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017; and The Coin Collectors Association, P.O. Box 4565, Denver, Colorado 80202.

To sharpen your eye, visit libraries that house special collections, such as the Warshawsky Library of the Business Association at the Museum of History and Technology at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.; the Beils C. Lusk Collection of the New York Historical Society; and the Jefferson-Burdick Collection of Paper Americana at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

For more information, visit the site and the small know you are on the list. In some cases, advertise. —Sue Berkman

SPECIAL PLACES Where the Grass Is Greener



Most tennis players when country have never set foot on a grass court, much less played on one; yet few can watch a Wimbledon match without being curious to try. And now that a number of tennis have added grass—a sport, especially, when many tennis clubs have resurfaced their lawns with materials less costly to maintain—the time has never been better. Lawn courts are going public.

A well-trained lawn is the most luxurious of playing surfaces and cost and time, once on the lawn and known, and well enough to invite driving for the ball. But grass also isn't dead. The ball's fast pace and low, unpredictable bounce call for early preparation—the mowing back, the lawn well kept—and lawn life stages for mow. Whether they leave your game to chance, you'll have to adopt a narrow-and-volley strategy to survive aggressively well, whenever possible, play the ball on the fly.

With minor exceptions, the equipment is the same. Rubber-soled shoes with a herringbone or clay court tread afford modestly better traction than polyurethane. A racket strung with nylon is best for the average player, because the moisture the balls put up from the courts can cause gut to deteriorate. As for balls, Wimbledon traditionally uses a special white grass court ball, but since these are difficult to come by, an optic-yellow clay court ball is a perfectly acceptable substitute. Eventually they'll all turn green anyway.

NEWPORT CASINO NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

The first U.S. tennis championships were held at the Newport Casino in 1881, and though that tournament strayed to Rye Beach in 1885, nearly all the great champions—from Bill Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen to John McEnroe and Chris Evert Lloyd—have played at Newport over the years. Today the Casino, which Stanford White designed, houses the International Tennis Hall of Fame and Museum, and the featured grass courts are open to the public.

With an annual maintenance budget of more than eighty thousand dollars, Newport's courts are kept in superb condition. More in evidence than the Kenyon Court, the central grandstand, though Center Court, is the landscaped grounds beyond, a maze of lawns. Every summer it is the site of the only professional grass-court tournament left in America, the Miller Hall of Fame Championships, scheduled for July 4-10 this year.

Newport is open for play from May 28 to October 31. Rates are \$50 per person for twenty matches, essential tennis clothes are usually essential. While tennis attire is required, but it is not, in practice, required. The address: 104 Redwood Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island 02840. (Tel.: 401-846-4567.)

SANDESTIN DESTIN, FLORIDA

Florida may be America's tennis capital, but Sandestin, in the western peninsula, is the only resort in the state with public lawn courts. Indeed, with clay courts and hard courts as well, it is one of the few resorts in the world to offer all three playing surfaces. Year-round, an attentive grounds crew looks after the grass. The area and area are well maintained, leaving the rest of the time to discover from recent travelers. And once or twice a week the teaching staff conducts special grass-court clinics to help players get used to the unfamiliar surface.

Sandestin hedges a narrow, paved promenade between the sugar-sand beaches of the Gulf of Mexico and the warm waters of Choctawhatchee Bay. The three grass courts, two hard courts, and a spectacular amphitheater stadium cluster on a hillside around a two-story clubhouse. Tennis players on weekdays at \$5 per person per hour for singles, \$4 for doubles. The address: Highway 90 East, Destin, Florida 32541. (Tel.: 904-833-3121.)

LA QUINTA TENNIS CLUB LA QUINTA, CALIFORNIA

When a consortium of tennis professionals—including Arthur Ashe, Sam Smith, and Charlie Pasarell—opened the La Quinta, twenty-five miles south of Palm Springs, they did it right. They began by restoring a 1940s hacienda as a clubhouse and pro shop. Now the grounds are a mix of red and blue, but 828 for doubles. The address: 131 Wiles Place, Wiles, Hawaii 96753. (Tel.: 808-879-2564.) —Roger W. Cusack

Man At His Best

built—all in sight of the craggy desert hills of the Santa Rita Mountains.

If lawn courts in the desert sound a bit place, they shouldn't. On the hottest days they remain noticeably cooler than their hard-court neighbors, and with irrigation they flourish just as readily as a three-week transient period in the fall when summer's heat made grass in replaced with winter's dry.

Although La Quinta is often seen as a tennis club, the resort facilities are open free of charge to guests of the adjacent La Quinta Hotel, an elegant Spanish-style luxury, where Frank Capra worked on many of his last movies (and continues to live). The hotel is open from October 1 to May 20. The address: 4949 Eisenhower Drive, La Quinta, California 92553. (Tel.: 602-964-4111.)

WALKER TENNIS CLUB MAUI, HAWAII

Like in 1981 grass courts were added at the Walker Tennis Club on Maui. There, three in the state's largest tropical deserts. There is never a need for seasonal changes of grass, and new growth quickly covers signs of wear. The three grass courts, two hard courts, and a spectacular amphitheater stadium cluster on a hillside around a two-story clubhouse. Tennis players on weekdays at \$5 per person per hour for singles, \$4 for doubles. The address: Highway 90 East, Destin, Florida 32541. (Tel.: 904-833-3121.)

The Pacific and the mountains of the West.

The club is part of the vast Walker Resort. Rental condominiums are scattered throughout the property, and there was two stylish tennis courts, but one or more of the resort's five beaches. Staying at the resort means neither access to the courts and special privileges at the club, but any is welcome to play. Rates: \$22 per hour for singles, \$28 for doubles. The address: 131 Wiles Place, Wiles, Hawaii 96753. (Tel.: 808-879-2564.) —Roger W. Cusack

CLASSICS

The Panama Hat



The first thing you have to know, if you are going to be serious about Panamas, is that genuine Panamas are not made in Panama at all and never have been. They are made in Ecuador—that is, the raw body of the hat is made in Ecuador, but most of the way through the process of weaving, the hat is made in Ecuador. Not are they woven underfoot, as many people seem to think, the looms are simply woven while moist. The hat body is then sent off to be finished in Ecuador, where the hat is made in Ecuador. Not are they woven underfoot, as many people seem to think, the looms are simply woven while moist. The hat body is then sent off to be finished in Ecuador, where the hat is made in Ecuador.

Most Panamas have a MADE IN ECUADOR stamp burned into the inside, and each shipment leaves Ecuador with a certificate of origin from the government.

The mark of quality in a Panama is the fineness of the weave, the finer the better. And of all the grades of Panama hat, the best by far is the Maitre, which has a weave so fine it seems more like fine than straw. A finished hat is woven in Ecuador, it does not have to be finished. Ecuador takes such pride in its Maitres that it issues a certificate for each hat, not just for a hat or a shipment. (Solely Communist work was in Central America. His Maitre was a ridge down the center—the classic option, which for many

GOOD THINKING Wines by Wire

The next time we want to order for office celebrations, as in the case of BE-THE-BEST, we'll call free, and order, not flowers, but a good bottle of wine or champagne. There 800 Spirits, a brand-new nationwide wine-delivery service, will estimate delivery of the package, nearly wrapped, with a gift card.

An aggressive campaign, we think, 800 Spirits will diffuse a network of more than fifteen thousand wine merchants to provide orders in the wine business. When you call, you'll make a selection from a lengthy list of wines and champagne (and

other spirits as well) at prices ranging from \$25 to \$300. For \$20 you can order Champagne, Chateau Napa Valley. For example, for \$40, two bottles of wine, perhaps Beringer Napa Valley Cabernet and Chardonnay. The list includes domestic and imported selections, and 800 Spirits will deliver to its best to accommodate those whose clients who don't find what they want on the list.

To simplify ordering, you can pick up a catalog or send orders in by fax or by e-mail. The address: 800 Spirits, 3 University Place, Rockland, New Jersey 07641. ●

Man At His Best

years was also called a Sidney Goodman.

You can still get the same Montecristo, but only a few are made each year, and the price has gone out of sight. Mike Korber of Korber Hays in Fall River, Massachusetts, makes Montecristo of the very highest caliber, and he presides himself to his most deserving clients: Korber, whose grandfather founded the New England Panama Hat Company in the Teddy Roosevelt era, receives only a limited number of Montecristos bodies a month.

and supplies the finished hats to select hat shops such as New York's Winch & Worth on Madison Avenue and the J.J. Hat Center in Herald Square. By the time the hat gets to you, the retail price is \$750.

If that's too steep, no problem. Both stores sell perfectly serviceable Panamas that range in price from \$30 to \$350 and have, if not the cachet of being the world's most expensive straw hats, many of the same virtues as the Olympos Montecristos.

—John Berce cdt

THE SEASONED COOK Perfecting Your Omelet Technique



I had forgotten just how entertaining omelets can be. Who would've guessed, you know, was going to a dinner party where I met a gardener whose uniform bore the eggplant-ten, autumn-rose, Vegas-fundy in place, he stood behind a buffet table and cooked omelets to order as a main course. Of the other five fillings that were offered, I chose smoked salmon. It was very good. I can't remember now what the other possibilities were—one was wild mushrooms, I believe—but they all looked tempting.

If I have any criticism of the Mr. Bolognese technique, it is only that it lacks a certain drama. As the omelet finished cooking the chef would simply slide it from the pan in such a

way that it landed just as it dropped onto the plate. Next, but short on grace: I remember some years ago there was someone who would parties in New York who could do two omelets at the same time, cooking them on very hot pans very fast. And when an omelet was ready to be closed up, he did it with a flick of his wrist as if it were a move by a stage-cardroom dealer. Now, that was show biz.

There are probably as many ways to cook an omelet as there are fillings to put in it. The Bolognese man happily pouring a sautéed dipper of slightly beaten eggs into the pan from a large container nearby. As the eggs set and he began to cook he would scrape the bottom of the pan with wooden spatula,

pushing from the edge so that the part that was done underneath would crumple into the middle and the uncooked part that sat on top would run out onto the pan surface.

This method produces an omelet with essentially the same texture as the classic French version. That version requires a rather different technique, however. No spatula is used, only a fork, and the eggs are agitated in a complicated way that's a little like the old poker trick where you have to put your head and rib your belly at the same time. The left hand kindly pushes the omelet pan backward and forward as the burner while the right hand stirs the eggs with the fork, held twice up, in a rapid clockwise motion. When the omelette has set, the filling is laid in a bend near the edge; the pan is tipped up on the burner, and the fork is used to roll the omelet, as if it were a crepe, around the filling and out of the pan.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

Personally, I don't like either of these methods. Both result in an omelet whose texture is too close to that of scrambled eggs. I prefer an omelet in which the eggs take on a more finished, twisted quality. To get that, you must first have a good omelet pan. I think cast aluminum is best because it heats more quickly than other metals. To keep it properly oiled, you should never use it for anything except omelets and never wash it. If it begins to discolor, or if a bit of filling sticks to it, scrub with vegetable oil.

In the pan I make a tablespoon or more of butter, and when it is hot enough to begin to bubble, I pour in two eggs, which I have been beating vigorously with a fork. I let the eggs sit in the pan over a high flame until they begin to bubble, at which point I reduce the heat so the surface won't break. In effect, I'm making a large egg poach.

But since the underside is firm and only the top still runs, I lay the filling down the middle and fold the outer sections over it, like a letter folded in

thirds. This maneuver has to be performed just at the moment when the eggs, which are now cooking very fast, remain tacky enough so that the two flaps will stick shut. Finally, I flip the omelet over to let the flap nearest the filling be brown, as the bottom already has before I turn it out onto the plate.

SUMMER'S SIMPLEST DISH

I feel about the filling for an omelet the way I do about the ingredients in a salad: the more the merrier. Not a great quantity of filling, but a great variety. Omelets lend themselves to many exotic ingredients. For instance, if you are at the school that believes a tablespoon or two of cold water should be mixed with the eggs before cooking, try a couple tablespoons of champagne instead. (It's a shame to open a bottle of champagne just for two tablespoons, the only solution is to serve mimosas far befitting along with the champagne omelet.)

After extensive research, I have come to the conclusion that the perfect combination of omelet fillings is a slice of American cheese torn in strips, a mushroom that's been sliced and sautéed in butter, one station sliced in rounds, and a piece of bacon fried very crisp and then crumbled. The cheese should be laid on first so it can melt into the egg. It has to be a slice of processed cheese, and not the kind of slices that are individually wrapped—they have no flavor for sauce reasons.

The omelet makes an excellent dinner in the summer, when you don't want to have the stove on any longer than necessary. All you need with it is the salad mentioned above. But since a lot of things you might have put in the salad have gone into the omelet, you'll have to think of something new. Two kinds of sauce might be nice, and some things, like a little of things you might use in a salad, like green onions, sweet peppers, anchovies, some grapes, grapes.

—Caleb L. Westerbeck Jr.



**The Casio Watersport watch.
It can take it, wherever you take it.**

Take the Casio DW-1000G, for example. Take it anywhere. You can take it with you for a dunk in a hot tub or a dive in the open sea, because it's depth tested to 200 meters. And it has a countdown timer, with a range between one minute and 12 hours, to tell you when to come up for an air sign.

You can also take the DW-1000G to the races and time them with the stopwatch function. Or tell the hour, minute, second, date, and whether it's AM or PM—all at a

glance. Or take your DW-1000G to bed with you, confident that its alarm will keep you in the morning.

Or, for women who prefer a smaller watch, there's the LW-601C, depth tested to 50 meters. It gives you a continuous readout of the hours, minutes and seconds. As well as a calendar daily alarm, hourly time signal. And even a 60 minute countdown timer. There are 19 Casio Watersports, depth tested from 50 to 300 meters. Prices start at

\$16, so even your wallet won't get soaked.



CASIO

Where miracles never cease

How to avoid the draft.

There are more people in more places doing more things with Apples than with any other personal computer in the world.

Which is saying a lot. But we'd like to take the time to explain just one of the things an Apple® Personal Computer can do for you, personally. It's called personal word processing.

You probably know "word processing" as a secretarial function, a way of efficiently churning out stacks of letter-perfect documents. But with an Apple, it's a personal tool that can dramatically improve not just the

quantity, but also the quality of your own writing.

Moving prose.

The Apple's keyboard is similar to a typewriter's. So if you have touch-typing skills, you can apply them. And if you don't, you'll find you really don't need them. Personal word processing lets you use the keyboard at your own speed.

Before your words ever appear on paper, you'll see them on the video monitor

And when you need to make a change, there's no need to cross things out. Or scribble. Or retype. Or retype.

Instead, a few keystrokes allow you to dart instantly to any part of the document, to move words, paragraphs or entire pages,

storing your document on a "floppy disk" to be recalled later (it's smaller than a 45 rpm record and holds approximately 48 pages-worth of double-spaced typewriting).

Want to update a manual? Or send the same basic letter customized for several different companies? Or insert new names and information in a standard contract?

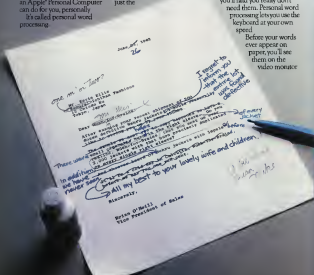
Simply load the document from the disk back into the computer, make your changes

A better choice of words.

There are more word processing programs available for Apples than for any other personal computer.

Including our Apple Writer text-editing software, for both the Apple II and Apple III.

We even have a program that catches misspelled words. And another that will keep the names and addresses of all your customers at your fingertips.



crossing and replacing them in a matter of seconds.

And when you feel the text is perfect, your Apple—teamed with a printer—can put it down on paper A lot faster than any typist could.

Play tricks on our memory.

Most business people find there are times when a really pays to remember what they've written.

Word for word. The Apple can assist them in one of two ways. By putting it on paper, which can be filed away. Or, more conveniently, by

storing it on a floppy disk, to be recalled later.

And print out a letter-perfect copy every time.

There's even a feature that lets you change or delete specific words whenever they occur. So every reference to "Smith vs Jones" can be changed to "Magwump vs Greakley" with one simple command.

And print out a letter-perfect copy every time.

Apple also offers a complete line of printers, for everything from rough drafts to finished letter-quality. Some can even print on your own letterhead or forms. And it's all backed by over 1300 authorized dealers.

Free screen test.

Word processing is just one of the thousands of things an Apple can help you do, from accounting to zoology.

Not surprising. There's more software available for Apples than for any other personal computer. So visit your nearest authorized Apple dealer. And try your hand at screenwriting.



apple
The most personal computer

FIRST-RATE A Well-Pucked Backpack



For most things, backpacking can be as dune-buggy or fancy. The essentials of the sport—which wasn't even a sport 50 years ago—have been refined: you're barely rescuing the staff people used to take into the woods. Still, in a sport where the marginally handy man can quickly become a threat load, you need to be careful. You do not want to pay for—or, worse, to the point, open—several pounds of ill-timed accessories up the Appalachian Trail. Neither do you want to come up short when you pull it to make camp. Here, then, is a look at backpacking for the man who wants to go out into the wild.

First things first. You'll select a list of catalog. Select a size—see, then L.L. Bean (Freeport, Maine 04933) through Eastern Mountain Sports (New Farm Road, Portsmouth, New Hampshire 03861), REI (P.O. Box C-60185, Seattle, Washington 98188) and Early Winters (200 Pendleton Place South, Seattle, Washington 98104). Now, the catalogs are laid out by price who make every item look either indispensable or absolutely unadvisable. You look and you cannot imagine leaving the trail without one of everything. Reclaim yourself. Keep your eye on the bottom line, where

you can with the conventional material frame. There it comes down to personal preference.

Next, you will need a sleeping bag. Get a good one: suited for the temperature range you expect to encounter. Unless you plan to take exclusively in dry climates, you will probably want to stay away from down. It's useless when wet, and it's also expensive. There are several new synthetic fills that perform better and cost less.

For well also want something to go between you and the ground. For a long time that meant either an air mattress or a sleeping pad. The air mattress is comfortable, but it leeches heat. The pad is warm but never thick enough to be truly comfortable. Now there is something called the Therm-A-Rest, which combines the best features of both and is a sleeping pad and a sleeping bag in one. You should have one.

There have been remarkable developments in tenting lately, many owing to materials like Goretex that eliminate the need for two-wall construction. There have also been advances in architecture. You could get a tent from Moon Tent Works in Camden, Maine, for instance, a company that takes its name from a man who has designed tents for all climates. He claims them, needless to say, right. Unless you want to make a base camp and winter in it for a few days, a simple one-wall tent with a set to keep mosquitoes out should be ample.

TAKE ONLY PACKS, LEAVE ONLY FOOTPRINTS Backpackers don't build stoves, but what you don't spend on hatches and camp saves you'll spend on your stove. They all come in two sizes, and there are advantages and disadvantages to every kind. Kerosene is not highly explosive, but if you spill it, it doesn't evaporate quickly and it's hard to kill. Also, it smells. White gas is a cleaner to evaporate but also to blow up in your face. Butane is safer, but you have to carry it under pressure, and you never know how much you

have used the bottle is empty. For years the Optimus 8-8 was the stove of choice, clarity favored by the Coleman 9-1. Now there is the MSR X-GOK. It will burn anything, including jet fuel. It will even burn kerosene for an hour or two before it starts up. It runs immediately. Now I need a pot to cook your frozen-dried food and a spoon to stir it with. You'll need your Sierra cup, as that case of meals, except for the water of getting your stove lit. Paraffin matches are available. Or you can carry a flint. If you want to be prepared to start a fire in an emergency, carry a tube of Plastic Wood. It burns like good kindling and starts with the touch of a match.

PROTECT YOURSELF

For emergencies, you will also need a first aid kit. Do not risk false economies here. Naturally, the seriously injured should be gotten into the hands of professionals—they say the best medical kit is in a car or in a hospital. But there are all sorts of medical emergencies that require attention short of calling off your trip. What would you do, say, if you had been whipped badly in the eye by a branch?

Dr. William Bunge has considered the question and provided the answer in his book, *First Aid Wilderness Medicine*. He explains the book at his first aid kit, which is full of appropriate over-the-counter medicines and equipment. If you need to suture a little wound, the book will tell you how, and he will supply the needles and thread. It is a remote area, the peace of mind that comes from carrying the kit should be worth the steep price (\$125 from Indiana Camp Supply, P.O. Box 30446/GA, Pittsburgh, Indiana 46037).

In the same vein, be sure to carry some kind of water purification system along with your plastic water bottle. If you do not have the time, add a light and reliable. Filters take up space. Even if you are going to a remote area, you will want to treat your water. A recently discovered parasite has been

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HALL; ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL HALL; PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL HALL; PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL HALL

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The scientifically accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is 10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach 10 percent BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine is 12 ounces of beer or 1½ ounces of 86 proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking your Blood Alcohol Concentration will be dangerously beyond .10 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over 10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is a good idea to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the seat belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

Weight	1½ ozs 86° Liquor or 12 ozs Beer											
100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05% DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.10% DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP
Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Your peak actually became impaired sooner while other people have more vision problems at night. These show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

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feet of suspension line. Light-weight rain gear. Extra clothes, of course, especially socks. A roll of repair tape. Maybe a book to read. As for the rest, leave it at home.

A final word: No Wilderness or custom. No matter how tight they are, they don't belong where you are going. If you absolutely must have music, carry a radio. A lightweight, waterproof radio. ●

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER Shooting in Santa Fe



With all the money to be made discussing modern man's psychological turmoil, it's a wonder no one has written about the Postmodern Moment of Quetzacoatl—that short but acute depression that occurs when the happy traveler, can hiding but still visible, opens his package of vacation pictures for the first time and says, "Oh, hell, I didn't see that garbage can in the lower right corner of the frame." Telephone wires, washed-out skies, and landscapes that are photographed well but somehow not up to increasingly boring are all part of the syndrome. In a vivid satirized with 35mm single-lens-reflex cameras, the Moment of Quetzacoatl is a very expensive experience.

Taking good pictures is not technically difficult; the major

hurdle to overcome, a student, is miserably—or, in Lori Dennis' words, it's normal. Dennis teaches the Travel Photography Workshop in Santa Fe, a one-week crash course offered four times each September at the Hotel La Posada in New Mexico's capital city. The workshop provides fifteen hours of classroom instruction, with two day photo trips, and seven excursions from all over the country. Dennis is a respected pro who began her career as a newspaper photographer, evolved into a travel-photography specialist, and now spends about six months out of the year going around the world on assignment.

Dennis is a perfectionist, and a rule-breaker. Everyone is advised to advance to bring ten slides or prints for a critique, not as Dennis comments on each picture—while taking

pains to find something nice to say about it—she quickly shows that she has little respect for "traditional" photography. "I know Camera Clubbers disagree because that lightbulb divides the frame perfectly in half," she says. "But to my way, the balance created by the division adds a statement about the severity of the scene. Forget the rules! We're here to develop a personal aesthetic."

That is where the concept of aerials comes in. While later classroom sessions will explore specific aspects of photography—photographing people, photojournalism, color versus black and white, landscapes, equipment—Dennis is relevant in her belief that aerials, which she defines as "all the arguments that try to prevent us from going after the pictures we want," must be confronted and overcome first. Illustrating each point she makes with a projected slide of her own, Dennis knows which problems can be overcome quickly and which are particularly frightening. Later in the week she'll spend three hours on people photography alone. Now, though, her main goal is to make the class believe they can take those pictures they've wanted before.

A FOCUS GROUP THAT CLICKS

Two snail moves go a long way toward making the workshop a success. The first is logistic: by locating the workshop in Santa Fe, Dennis offers an environment that virtually begs to be photographed. Downtown Santa Fe is good for a few rolls all by itself, and the day trips to Taos and the ghost towns of Madrid and Carleton present continuous "photo opportunities." The trips are peppered with demonstrations, plunking down her tripod. Dennis invites the class to look through her viewfinder while she shows how to set up different types of pictures.

The other reason that students get involved very quickly is the second photo critique, held on the last morning of the class. Dennis gives the group

an optional assignment to take pictures in seven different categories. All film exposed by Tuesday afternoon may be turned in for quick comments so that selections may be edited for Friday morning's critique. By Friday nearly everyone shows a lot of improvement, and while red-gum trees go among the pictures. Plus, their critique never takes the form of a competition, and, eschewing generalities ("I like it when someone says, 'Wow, something nice is happening at the lower left corner,'" Dennis gives detailed and concrete suggestions to everyone.

THE COMPLETE PICTURE

The workshop is not perfect; depending upon their personalities, students may have several bones to pick with the instructor. An in-depth discussion of lenses runs throughout the week, but other technical instructions can be skimpy. (Dennis takes pains to make it clear that the class is not for beginners.) Dennis also has strong beliefs about the morality of photographing people. Whether they agree with her philosophies or not, however, students cannot find Dennis' enthusiasm or commitment. She goes to a lot of trouble to get a good picture, but she rarely invests in film's catching.

The workshop costs \$785 per person, which covers double occupancy at La Posada, the morning and dinner dinners, and day-trip costs. A spouse or friend who come along but don't participate in classes pay \$465; they are allowed along on day trips. To learn more, write Travel Photography Workshop, P.O. Box 3847, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87502. (Tel. 505-962-4975.) —Glenn Eichler

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THE DRINKING MAN Drinking at Lunch



We don't eat lunch the way we used to. We sizzle, we mark time. Tuna changes, yes, and lightness—the omelet, the salad—in today's lunch menu, but as the long-standing ritual of lunch disappears it would seem we have succumbed to wine's capricious seduction. Ever since Jimmy Carter frowned publicly on the three-star Michelin restaurant as he dined from the midday libation, White wine in the dining hall these days, an indication that a drink at noon has been reduced to form rather than substance.

True, white wine is a suitable company for a salad, but then salad itself seems a shadow of a meal, not food for the socially conscious, not for the hungry. As contemporary lunch ceases the authentic bulk of its meat, fish, and bread, and as no-drinking at lunch respects the assertion of the market. Dining at lunch has become an oblique labor, having before consumed lettuce and quiche.

In spite of the fact that lunch—especially the business lunch—has become almost often an expedient meal, one solution to the luncher's drinking problem is the Bloody Mary, normally a refreshment associated with the regular of weekend meetings. A well and thoughtfully prepared Bloody Mary has qualities to satisfy both the lightened drinking

habits of later-day lunchers and tuna salads that long out to be bored. It is not heavily alcoholic, and yet the appeal of the Bloody Mary is in its burning, aggressive taste. It is perhaps the drink whose character to bea must heavily on aspic. Familiar flavorings include Tabasco, Worcestershire sauce, horseradish, and pepper, but others, more recent, aren't unexpected. Try celery salt, onion salt, even a sprig of dill. If this still isn't enough, tangle for you, enter the drink made with go instead of the customary vodka.

In solution, the texture of the toothy Bloody Mary is substantiated, that of memorably seasoned tomato juice. (One of the most surprising and most common resources for this is the serving of a Bloody Mary whose color and consistency are weaker and thinner close to the rim of the glass than they are near the bottom, giving the impression of rainbow blood or rainy lettuce.) This is the result of the bartender's pouring the vodka on top of the tomato juice instead of, properly, the other way around. It looks bad but it isn't a serious problem, stirring solves it.)

Many restaurants make Bloody Mary into specialties, and serve them in big production numbers in enormous snuffers or tall, beaded glasses that could double as vases, and

spraying whole garlands of vibrant greenery. The ideal one has a nucleus of slow in salad glass rim, though clearly looking, rather overdoes the amount of garnish and generosity (I like a big drink as much as anybody, but tomato juice is widely abused). What always belongs in a Bloody Mary is a wedge of lime, which subtly but characteristically defines the overbearing sting of all those spices, and one stalk of fresh celery with just a smidge of leaf atop. The spicy leaves, the leafy lettuce, the celery garnish—these give the Bloody Mary the character not only of a cocktail but anatomy of an appetizer.

Finally, like a good and functional cocktail, the Bloody Mary provides the groundwork for both the meal to come and the additional drinks to come. It suggests a light lunch, and it

is, as well, a thirst-making concoction. You don't have to give up your wine with your clef if you begin with a Bloody Mary. The liquors won't conflict. Better, since the stale afternoon in all the spicy flavorings comes out for drinking, the perfect complement during lunch too personal Bloody Mary in a cold beer.

Lunch is its best in an occasion. You can get things done with it, business, social climbing, romance. It deserves the tools of celebration, and, as any good carpenter will tell you, sleep on your tools, you sleep on your accomplishment. And what of the worry that too much liquor at lunch means a drowsy and unproductive afternoon? Well, there's a solution to that, too. Remember, drinking is the accompaniment, not the solvent. Eat.

—Bruce Weber

THE RIGHT STUFF Music to Take Out



The subject of security has been on Sony's mind of late. Reasoning that the absence of a cassette player in a car stereo could be a security risk, the company has come up with a car stereo receiver with a portable cassette player that doubles as a personal stereo. It's called the Music Shuttle, and when you leave your car, you can slip the cassette deck out of the dashboard and carry a second like a Walkman.

In the car, the system runs off the car battery and plays through the car speakers. But you can also use it as a dash stereo unit and use pop a tape player about the size of the original Walkman. Once the tape player is opened, you attach a battery pack, slide the unit into its carrying case, and put on the headphones. The radio, inconspicuous, stays in the car and remains fully operational.

The Music Shuttle system—removable stereo cassette player, AM/FM auto-tuner, MDR headphones, adapter, and carrying case—goes for \$279.95. It's an expensive concession and a bit bulky as personal portables go, but if it's well designed, with a rugged tape-transport mechanism. And, Sony reminds you, you can purchase each of the components separately (install an extra receiver in a second vehicle, and you can shuttle the cassette player between them. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MARSH



"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken."

His Cunning and Grace

When Peter Martins dances, his face assumes expressions, focusing your attention on his technique—the technique is nearly perfect. He has, for at least the last ten of his thirty-six years, been regarded as one of the greatest dancers of our time. More recently, Martins has gained a reputation as a gifted choreographer, and on March 30 he secured another role as well when he was appointed the effusive head of a ballet company. Because that company is the New York City Ballet, and because the man he succeeded was the legendary George Balanchine, Peter Martins may soon become the most powerful dancer in the world.

Martins was born in Copenhagen on October 27, 1946. His father was an engineer whose ambition was to design the first Danish automobile. His parents divorced when Peter was two.

His mother was a pianist, her mother had worked in the Copenhagen circus. His mother's brother, Laila Ormberg, was a member of the Royal Danish Ballet and was in fact the first Dancer to dance George Balanchine's *Apollo*.

Apollo was also the first role Martins ever performed in front of Balanchine. That was in 1967, when Martins was called to the Edinburgh Festival as an emergency replacement for Jacques d'Arthème. After Martins auditioned for the part, Balanchine said to him, "You know, you do it all wrong," but he loved him anyway. Suzanne Farrell, who was his partner in *Apollo*, said of him, "Well, at least he's tall."

He is just under six feet two inches. "A dancer's body is his instrument, and it must be in the best shape to perform well," Martins's calves measure 16 inches, his thighs, 23½, his hips, 36½; his waist, 36; and his chest, 33. His eyes are gray.

His first choreographic effort, set to a Chabrier piece score and called *Columbus Light Night*, premiered in 1973 and eventually became part of the City Ballet repertory. Hundreds of Martins's works have been presented by the company. Ten have been integrated into the permanent repertory.

"I'd dance it all away for love," he says, but one wonders whether he means it.

He has been married once, to Lise LaCour, from whom he was divorced in 1973. For several years he lived with Heather Watts, a principal dancer in City Ballet, but they are no longer together.

His son, Niko, whose mother is LaCour, was named after the hero of Moominland, which

Martins was dancing the night of the birth. Niko, who is now sixteen, is a student at the Royal Danish Ballet School.

For Martins, Balanchine choreographed many roles, specifically: *Strawinsky Violin Concerto*, *Duo Concerto*, *Tzigane*, and *Unus, Jack*.

Martins says "This is what the dancer must want: to have a choreographer 'create' him, to show him in the unique, special creation he is."

Peter Martins's list of things he should do, get enough sleep, burn cigarettes from friends if he must smoke, drink soda water with lime, "wash dance clothes—often."

One more on Peter Martins's list of things he shouldn't do: "let ballerinas intimidate you."

Martins on ballerinas: "Ballerinas always brash—they are all tough, mercurial, and contorted [and] narrow-minded.... [They] have to wait it badly. The competition is enormous."

There is much that he wants badly, and he is not without toughness himself. "At the suggestion of criticism," he wrote in his autobiography, "I fight and protest, and then am grateful for even the smallest praise, then fence at my pride and leave through an awareness that isn't always there.... It strikes me that in a colder, clearer world nothing would happen to me, that I wouldn't be compelled to react myself to do things."

People magazine ranked him one of the best-dressed men of 1985. Of Martins 1985 Blues has said, "He's a young man very sure of his taste."

He hates to rehearse and he hates to perform. He means out two pairs of ballet shoes a year.

His salary before his recent appointment was as "the low six figures."

He has a chronic back problem.

He saw *Twelve* eighteen times because he had a crush on Debbie Reynolds. He wrote her twice but she never answered.

City Ballet criticizes Lincoln Center and of Martins that he is "like a Gatsby object, a heroic dancer, with a heroic stance."

If he is heroic, his heroism is in the dogged precision of his movement, just as his heroism is in his unbridled vision of opportunity.

In 1983 Martins said "Since I was 14, I have wanted to be the director of a ballet company," adding, "Isn't that strange—to be so sure I must be a balletic?"

We call that dedication. It is what makes Peter Martins a man of distinction. ☐

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DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

The Triumvirate

IN NOVEMBER 1980 the American public elected Ronald Reagan President. What it got was Ed Meese, Jim Baker, and Mike Deaver



"First of all," Ronald Reagan remarked proudly, "I am a believer in delegating."

We were in the Oval Office, and I had asked him about his success in dealing with administrative problems. Most previous Presidents would have hesitated at the implied criticism, but Reagan's presidential flexibility is enormously high. "There have been others in this office," he went on, "who did not do that and who attempted to do every little themselves and as a result were up to their elbows in minutiae and detail that kept them away from what really should be done."

Because Reagan personally focuses his energies on such big issues as the economy and the environment, his performance of the actual White House staff has been more important during this administration than in previous regimes. Over thirty months, that performance has been superb. The legislative record has been excellent, given the partisan array in Congress, and the staff has done a generally good job in preventing its boss in the most favorable light possible. On the domestic management of the national-international apparatus has varied from mediocre to lacking. A stronger sense of direction has affected the monitoring of some other executive functions, such as the Environmental Protection Agency. One reason for the strong effect is that Reagan has chosen to define power in his language rather than to control it. This has permitted personal reality to creep into and then, through the appointments, have been made.

The original picks consisted of Edwin Meese, James Baker, and Michael Deaver. As Counselor to the President, Meese was the only one of the three with Cabinet rank, but that turned out to be more of an honorific than an operating commission. Baker, the secretary to the Reagan circle, became Chief of Staff, with responsibility for most White House operations outside the executive-in-chief's field. Where domestic affairs were concerned, he often ventured beyond administration into the policy realm. For his overall influence was restricted because of barred lines of authority and because his loyalty to Reaganism was often challenged. On paper, Deaver was third in line with the title Deputy Chief of Staff. His was the closest personal relationship with the President, however, and his broad, sweeping character allowed him to intervene in a variety of situations. In practical terms, Meese, Baker, and Deaver were equals, though Meese frequently found himself outnumbered as Baker and Deaver grew closer.

The article that follows introduces the knowers as individuals and reviews their relationship during the administration's initial stages. Later, after William Clark was named National Security Adviser in January 1982, the influence they shared would be split four ways. Clark, in 1981 a fervent skeptic as Deputy Secretary of State under Alexander Haig, had earlier been involved in Meese and Deaver in Reagan's Secret Service administration. In the White House he became their peer. By that time the triad had died of sheer chaos. Clark's policy role would continue to grow during the administration's third year, and so would his expenditure of energy in the internal politics. But there is a story for another time. Here we are concerned with the original three and the way they rose.

BY LAURENCE I. BARRETT

CARRIED ON THE BRIMMER OF MONTAGNA BAY, THE SHOUTED GREETING FROM A FLIGHT CLUBER MAYBE SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AND TAKES IN AN IDEAL, BAKING QUALITY. JAMES ARTHUR BAKER. THREEFOLD. HOW FANCY? ... TWO PEOPLE DON'T A GRAND JOB OF THREE IN WASHINGTON.

Jimmy Baker squats through the glare at the moment of this complaint. He is standing cross-legged in the shadows next to a brand's fishing boat. He is wearing a white mesh cap, the cheap kind with a plastic splash for sun, an enormous white business shirt with six or eight buttons on the pocket, and pants around

Laurence I. Barrett was a Time senior White House correspondent, covered the Reagan campaign in 1980 for that magazine. This article is excerpted from *Conquering with History*, written by the White House (Washington), but now back on the editorial committee's first two years in office.



Baker has dominated power in this region, and much of it came with close friendship with Bush, Chief of Staff, and Dick Cheney, Deputy Chief of Staff.

left, and old friends share, now filled with ash. Baker barely raises his voice when he replies: "Maybe so, but I can't catch one one damn fish today."

Baker's breeding does not encourage shouting. He has slowly had a taste of backslapping and grunting—the traditional gestures and suggestions—like Texas friends during his vacation. His mind is on the fishing. It is a long weekend in mid-August 1981, seven busy, victorious months into Ronald Reagan's administration, and the Bushes have departed for R and B. One of the few things James Baker has in common with Ronald Reagan is an awareness of the value of leisure and a properly leisurely place in which to enjoy it.

For the Bushes in the summerhouse, that meant Port O'Connor, a small town on the Gulf of Mexico southwest of Houston, the family's vital base for four generations. In Port O'Connor wealthy Houstonians, the Bakers among them, content with coastal towns and blue-collar westerners. Many of Baker's former business acquaintances and a few kinds of own houses or condominiums are scattered near the water.

From our first meeting, when he was running the Bush Presidential-campaign in the spring of 1981, I had been fascinated by Baker's singularity among political managers. First there was his look and manner. Fifty-year-old Baker was not exactly handsome in the old-fashioned sense, with regular features and a sturdy, muscular build; he was also blessed with a collegial manner among men who were men who got their best jokes using a fishing rod or a shotgun. His hands, large and hairy, seemed appropriate for those tools, but his gestures became freer, his handwriting, less ornate, the sign of a man who had been a politician. Next, Baker's name: Texas politicians—Lyndon Johnson, John Connally, and Robert Strauss came to mind—conformed to the man's stereotypes of loud bravado. They possessed an authority or an inflexibility with three and a half, and if Baker had to be subdued like a slave he made ready for the branding iron. Baker, with his small, shy smile, always tried instead to rope you with calm, slight indifference, and with his air of fact and courage, a powerful hint for those accustomed to political hyperbole. It had been Baker's style of persuasion, as much as anything else, that sustained George Bush as a credible rival to Reagan larger than the other Republican prospects. Now he was using the same technique in the White House as Reagan's heir, with good effect.

We first met soon after Bush's debate in New Hampshire. Out on the road, the candidate seemed modest, deliberate, but back in Houston, Baker was relaxed. "After we won in Iowa," he observed, "there was a perception that George was busy on the issues. We should have done

a lot more to establish what he stands for, but it isn't too late. There are pieces we can catch Reagan. It's lonely out there in front, and you have to remember Reagan is accident-prone." There was just enough self-criticism and just enough plausibility in these words to lead off political observers.

Reagan's organization was in turmoil at that point because campaign manager John Sears and his crew had just been checked out. Reilly's story was told, Baker's place secure. Of course, he and Bush had been close friends for years than a dozen years. But there was something else more important, that set Baker apart from the rival factions in their camp.

The difference was that Baker didn't need the wall, his office, his car or status. He had inherited a fortune and earned a good deal more on his own. His great-grandfather, grandfather, and father had been successful start-ups in various legal establishments. So Baker had a strong clarity apart from politics. He could play the hand game, like John Sears, but with less in stake personally. And unlike some others, he was not befuddled with heavy political victims. Like all of his class in Houston, Baker, who spent his early career serving corporations and individuals over wealthier than he, started as a Tory Democrat, the considered himself a conservative in a general way, but in his twenties and thirties politics was terms recognized. He sometimes forgot to vote. He believed that Republican in 1970 only to help his pal push him into the Senate (oh, right). Even so, Baker was White House political philosophy was peripheral to his concerns. For the night wings could make deals with him or Baker as the arch-bureaucrat, the dispenser of Reaganism, the crowd outside clamored to infect Reagan's victory with the maddening conventional wisdom of conservatism.

Such criticism abused the essential point about Baker. He was a player fascinated with the game, the process of convincing, rather than the results of convictions or prejudices. His command of facts on most important subjects was limited, and occasionally during conversations with him it became apparent that he had only a superficial knowledge of this or that issue. During the first few months of the administration he would occasionally try to advise critics concerning foreign policy by taking off a list of "accomplishments" that he had added to the back of an envelope he carried as his pocket.

Baker was a kind of expert on corruption in government—merely perceptive about the politics of a situation, unwilling about how to get the job done, but only mildly skeptical in the extreme wisdom of the particular guy. In early December 1981,

when Congress passed David Stockman's Reagan's choice for budget director, was still the start of the anti-inflation. Baker misinterpreted him into lead position for denunciation of the administration's economic program. When Baker thought about it all, he was described about simply false. But he wanted to get things going in a hurry, and Stockman was the best outside

BAKER HAD ALWAYS been fastidious about propriety. Now, as a senior adviser to the Reagan campaign, he looked the other way when a dirty trick was perpetrated on Carter. He was grateful not to know the mechanics of it. And he was relieved that the matter had remained a secret.

man available to do that. It was a skewed picture more of the time, inside long run. Reagan—and the campaign—would have been better off with less speed and more deliberation.

For all his class, for all his concerns about propriety, Baker had a kind of charm of the cynic in him. When Baker's campaign was still in gestation in 1979, a few of his advisors realized that if they were fortunate, Bush would do well enough to establish himself as a credible national figure. Then maybe, just maybe, he would be considered for the White House. Baker was a good position for 1984 (Baker had that in mind from the beginning, but when the possibility of running for Vice-President as a Reagan ticket was put to him privately in those early days, Bush reacted: It wasn't that he considered himself above the office, either, he considered himself above Reagan.

Baker attempted to keep Bush's attention gently enough—and his race short enough—to preserve a shot at the Vice Presidential nomination. But Bush did not quite get the point of his campaign manager's strategy. During the Presidential primary Bush was staging a comeback. Baker, who was off the campaign plane more than he should have been, was

asked with the group to approve a statement by Peter Tavel, Bush's press aide. Tavel wrote in a fee calling Reagan's tax program "voodoo economics." Bush liked and used the phrase, which got some people for once. Baker lost his cool and warned his subordinates in the organization to avoid such interference. He knew Reagan would shoot Bush down. It would be foolish to set that feeling in concrete.

Even after Reagan had once then enough delegates committed to issue concern, Bush still fought. He was threatening to contest the California primary. Baker would join later that he had to be on George's side to get him out. In fact, Baker acted in a fashion even more dramatic than that. With Bush on the road, Baker simply altered reporters that his candidate was withdrawing from the California primary. He missed the deadline on a shortage of money. That was enough—made without Bush's approval or even his knowledge—effectively ended the Bush Presidential candidacy.

Baker justified that heavy course with the end it attained. Bush returned a prospect for Vice-President in the White House. Baker would have to be more cautious. During the first two years he was more the side character next to the theatre. And during that time he never totally overcame the stigma of having been a founding on the Reaganites' stage rather than a natural child of the household.

I wondered whether seeing him at Port O'Connell, on those occasions, revealed a side of Baker very different from the one he displayed in the White House. There were superficial contrasts, of course. He didn't chew Red Man tobacco in the White House, except on Sunday, in Port O'Connell he frequently had a cigar in his chest. There were more subtle and darker and closer in his speech here than back in Washington. He was one of the boys—almost, sort of.

But in fact Baker was not one of the boys. He was a Port O'Connell Islands were property parcel, always talking about their possessions, gardens, new acquisitions. Baker—whose father, he recalled, retained buying anti-property—owned another, a house, not an apartment in Port O'Connell.

"My father was a stern disciplinarian," Baker said. "He wanted things just. He wanted his son to do things." IAD in his day had been sent to the Hill School in Pennsylvania and then to Princeton before he went to law school. Baker had been in Texas at Austin for his legal training. Young James traversed the same route. He even joined the same fraternity his father had belonged to at Texas. During the time he arrived he had a B.A., dis-

charge papers from the Marine Corps, and a bountiful wife from Ohio, Mary Stuart McElroy. All the other pledges were undergraduate freshmen wives and eight years younger than Jimmy Baker. But he went through the childhoods later. And later, and so became his father's best friend as a boy.

By age thirty, having attained the goals his father had set for him, Jimmy was bored. It was 1930. Mary Stuart was dying of cancer, and he had four young sons to think about. Helping to manage companies and picking out shrewd business investments for himself had lost the kick they once provided.

Baker suggested that Baker run for the House, said he was visiting in order to try for the Senate. But Baker had never been a plunger. Every move he had made had been either dictated by his father or carefully considered from every angle by his son. Bush finally led the new endeavor into his senatorial campaign organization as a distraction from grief.

Baker studied the Houston area in order to stay close to his boys and discovered that he liked the deal. Nevertheless, he remained with his law firm, until he was, and, until 1970, when Bush broke an appointment for him as Under Secretary of Commerce in the Ford administration. By then Baker had married Susan Winston, one of his late wife's best friends. With some of their merged money went to school and some to them, the Bakers moved to Washington. Though named Gerald Ford's 1976 campaign, when successive problems kept making vacancies at the top. Though he'd had no professional experience in national elections, Baker nonetheless brought a degree of professionalism to Ford's disorganized campaign operation. But there was one serious flaw in his manager. He was very of rules and so careful in conducting campaign funds that the lesser ended up with a surplus in his war chest. Vietnam who had executed the newspaper's rapid rise to the top of the Ford organization wondered whether a better campaign funds might have saved Ford.

Baker's occupation as a lobbyist to secure are children closed up immediately while he withdrew from consideration as the GOP's new national chairman. He would have taken the post if he could have avoided a fight for it, but competition seemed inevitable. His wife was back to Houston, back to the practice of law, though the political view had infected his every sense. He agreed to run for state attorney general in 1974, on the condition that he could get the Republican nomination without a contest. The voters elected the Democrat.

Soon afterward advance planning started for the Bush campaign. Bush and Baker, old friends and now partners, began their long aging talk to the White House. Every one would be a lieutenant under the Presidency, so the old saw goes, while the other would be much more influential as a member of the small policy council. Baker earned that spot by his per-

MEESSE'S FACE radiates satisfaction. It is the morning after American warplanes shot down two Libyan aircraft over the Gulf of Sidra. He has monitored the situation through the night. Libya has been dealt with firmly. Ed Meesse, former lawyer, can only savor this rebuff to the outlaw Qaddafi.

formance during the general election. Though named by Ed Meesse, Mike Deaver, and others, he showed a good hand as an administrator. Further, he argued strongly that Reagan should debate independent candidates John Anderson and Steve Gallardo. Reagan's decision to debate had no reason. Baker presented the Reagan camp in negotiations over ground rules and did well. Because of his experience with the network television debates between Ford and Carter in 1976, he took charge of preparing Reagan for these crucial encounters.

Here Baker had to live something of an ethical problem. In gathering research that David Stockman would use when expounding Carter in the opening sessions, a member of the campaign and somehow acquired some materials, including material that the other side was using to get Carter ready for the confrontation. Apparently a Reagan mole in the Carter camp had leaked materials to the other side.

Reagan mole in the Carter camp had leaked materials to the other side. Reagan planned to make when he met Reagan for the debate. Stockman, having in Washington been his own campaign manager as Michigan, was delighted to find most of his homework done for him by a student his own except for the dry run. Later, after the first win over, the

Responses realized that the papers provided for their campaign had included every important note. Carter said on the air except one. His reference to his daughter, Jerry, in connection with nuclear arms control.

Baker had always been fond of his property. Now, as a senior adviser to the Reagan campaign, he looked the other way when a dirty trick was perpetrated on Carter. He was grateful not to know the mechanics of it. Months later he was still sensitive enough to be embarrassed when I mentioned the incident during a private conversation. And he was relieved that the matter had remained a secret. (At least a couple of reporters become aware of the brief-but-brief paper months after the event. The story did not make a word print, however. The article I did for Time in February 1981 was credited with any news.)

Soon Baker would take a more serious, enduring test of his style and strengths. For the first time in his adult career, he was facing a world in which his conservative beliefs were being increasingly attacked. While Reagan's rugged masculinity of responsibilities that make up the Chief of Staff's job—everything from legislative strategy to personnel selection to managing a quarrel between the White House barber and the official beautician—he had to contend with the recurrent accusation that he was undermining Reaganism. This constant slapping was set only a devastating blow to his reputation as Baker's incoherence to preserve under Presidential Counselor Ed Meesse's role in White House operations. Since Meesse was a trained Reaganist, many concerned them most of the other advisers with the tenets of Reaganism. Baker's position as a conservative was a way of becoming identified with philosophy.

As one of the problems from the outset, Baker took some preconditions that protected him from a short time. Though he brought in other anti-Reaganists suspected of control issues, he believed such selections on the left. For example, it was Baker who put Lyn Nofziger in the executive job of chief of political liaison. He took a sympathetic ear at the White House. These efforts were enough, in early 1981, to earn Baker favorable mention in *Time* (which is an artistic concession).

Nonetheless, since Baker's reputation was on the right. As the strategy responsible for guiding Reagan's top priorities through Congress, Baker of course ignored delay in what he did, in fact, Reagan's considered secondary issues, such as social policy and abortion. Soon not only was Baker signing for a costly in Pentagon spending account, he was

allowing himself to be depicted in public as a strong advocate. The same thing occurred during the "ill offense," when... "Anti-Schoolcraft faction tried unsuccessfully to persuade Reagan to support measures to increase revenues. Just about everywhere the true beliefs looked, they found Jimmy Baker preaching heresy. When Richard Vigorito's monthly Conservative Digest devoted its entire July 1982 issue to attacking the administration's middle-class article after article nailed Baker as the most important catalyst behind Reaganism."

Baker's frequent "Who, me?" responses must have been painful for him—a proud man with nothing to apologize for. He sounded defensive when he responded to my general questions about his political views.

Basically, I'm a late-blooming Texas Republican and a conservative. I got that way because I've worked for Jerry Ford and George Bush. Well, maybe I'm more moderate than some of the social issues, but when I came to work in the Ford administration, [Treasury Secretary] Bill Simon said, "Well, it's about time we got some more old-fashioned conservatives in here." Shortly after the 1986 convention, I got a call from Governor Reagan, who said, "By the way, I've told that you and I share a common political philosophy." And I said, "Well, I believe in *slowly* going to Governor"

Baker eventually became a distracting issue, a cardinal no-no in the White House staff guidebook. Reagan took pen in hand to defend his Chief of Staff and himself. His response, which found its way into print, was an example of another cardinal no-no. A President should not go around telling the world he is in charge of his administration. Doing so will only reinforce doubts on that score.

As Baker's colleague and a close friend of the Reagan's, Mike Deaver often tried to help the newswoman whose appointment he had pushed vigorously in the first place. Not only did he usually side with Baker on specific issues, but he attempted to create a friendship between the President and the Chief of Staff, arranging on one occasion a dinner party and on another a hunting trip. Doubtless Deaver helped, and Baker's personality aided, of day-to-day affairs helped her even more. But the outside pressures were crushing while In-stein inside the White House over Ed Meese's role worsened.

The appointment of William Clark as National Security Adviser in January 1962 had solved some problems, but at the same time authority was diffused still further. The cracks in its original form were dead. In its place was a quarter that did not operate as a unit. Now there were four sensors with free access to the President and only limited coordination among themselves. Of

the four, Baker was still the outsider. He could not totally hide his frustration at the organizational struggle. He tolerated the daily cross-train breakfast—which Clark refused to attend—long after it ceased to be useful. Finally, turned over what he considered secretiveness on Meade's part, Baker put an end to the meetings. The last of these was held

TO IMAGINE Deaver as a political Jeeves is like describing an elephant merely as an animal with large ears. His rapport with reporters helped sell Reagan. His instinct for situations in which Reagan would come across well brought the President into settings that yielded yet more positive images.

November 1, 2002, the day before the mid-term election.

AS MINNEAPOLISER, BEHIND HIS BACK HE'S CALLED him Poppin'. Though the nickname derived from the cheerful, plump creature in the dough commercial, it was not used with affection, or by those loyal to Minner. Rather, it was a term of derision, spinning all his shape, his ungovernable good humor he displayed in public, and his crass low estimate of his value to the White House.

On ordinary private occasions, Moore, who was forty-two when Reagan took office, would show some of the security cleared up within his. He would complain of unfair treatment by the press, or of being made a scapegoat by a colleague. But he permitted very few people to see that side of him. Instead, what was created was an artificial security that was more among those who shared the greater pole of political power. After all, Reagan and uncompromising loyalty had raised him high, higher than he ever dreamed he would climb when he was a powerboat back in Oakland. He figured that this he might follow his father into the respectable drudgery of local government service, instead he found a place next a bullseye.

(down from the throne, first in Harold Reginald's Secretariat, then in Ronald Reagan's Washington).

By mid-August of 1986 I had been exposed to Mexico's relentless good cheer for twenty months. Still, when I visited his suite on the seventeenth floor of the Century Plaza hotel in Los Angeles, I was unprepared for just how elevated his mood could be. It was the middle of the President's long summer holiday, so Miesse was taking the suite on duty for a fortnight of it.

The tall, stocky figure is hawky on this Wednesday morning, the nine-month-old eyes are squinty after a sleepless night, the double-lint trousers rumpled, his collar undone. His short blond hair hasn't encountered a comb since leaving the pillow. But Meese's face, in ruddy and white zones as a former's, positively radiates satisfaction.

It is the morning after American surprise that down two Libyans are crashed over the Gulf of Suez, and it is the morning after the word from the Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger at 11:05 a.m. Pacific time, who also monitored the situation through the night, he who decided when the gun should be silenced, he who determined when the news should be announced. He is at the center of the action, as he was many years before when he supervised the quelling of student riots in California. The clue to why Libya has been dealt with finally is Ed Meese, former lawyer

former lieutenant colonel in the Army Reserve, continuing student of military intelligence, constant patriot, can only save his retreat to the outlaw Ma'mura al-Ghadhi.

Viewed as a military operation and as a campaign designed to show Gadhafi that there was indeed new management at Washington, the little show-out over the Gulf of Sidra was unsuccessful. But it turned out to be a public relations disaster for Reagan and even more so for Mervyn Dymally. Technically, Meese had a good case for choosing not to disturb the chief when he was in his first case as Acton. Of course he had been annoyed. It had been over for half an hour when word reached the Coast Guard ships, and therefore there was nothing urgent for Reagan to decide. By waiting five, and a half hours before withdrawing the fleet, Mervyn Dymally gave him a full report and told him that this large naval exercise was constituting a schedule without further incident.

What Meese forgot was that Americans, and particularly Americans who cover the White House, expect the President to be personally involved in all important events as a matter of principle. These were the first shots fired in anger since Reagan has become Commander in Chief. Louis Berke-

this incident, the President was said to be all too willing to let his aides tread to important affairs. There had also been wide commentary about his four-week sojourn in California. And, still further, Monroe at this point was the target of stories that he was assuming too much authority, that he was taking on the airs of a "deputy President." That these stories were overdone was apparent. The theme was out there, awaiting confirmation. Reagan himself would later joke about the mischief at every occasion. In fact, the White House be-

come quite sensitive about what was called the "side-up" issue. Announcements were carefully made each time Reagan was asked there had to be some important news. But at the time of the original accident, Meese did not seem to realize that he had damaged his own interests as well as those of the President he tried to constantly to serve well in all matters. Baker and Deaver, far more sensitive to public relations concerns, were unhappy at the outcome. Both would have handled matters differently.

Other events occurred during that period that began to strain the mutual trust setup. It was during that same fortnight that difficulties arose over the question of defense spending. Weinberger, Stockman, and others went to California for meetings to settle the issue, but an argument developed. Maciej, known as the great "synthesizer" and conciliator of internal disputes, failed to prove vigorously enough for a solution—or so some of his colleagues would contend. Balcer, thinking that a compromise was achieved, went

public was numbers that turned out to be wrong. At the same time, interest rates were soaring. So were estimates of the federal budget deficit over the next few years. Reagan's 1981 budget and tax bills, so recently signed into law, would require fixing, and quickly. Yet the revolving cast of advisors in California seemed paralyzed. Means became the scapegoat. It was he, after all, who served as the President's counselor, his senior policy adviser. It was his responsibility to reconcile differences in the Cabinet.

There could be other counts against Menzies, some valid and some not, but nearly all of them looking out. In the first year, both the National Security Council staff and its equivalent for domestic affairs, the Office of Policy Development, reported to him. Further, the NSC staff chief, Richard Allen, and the head of OPD, Martin Anderson, were Menzies allies. The NSC and OPD operations functioned poorly during 1961. As the daily briefing sessions DeLoach complained frequently to Menzies about Allen's performance, about the National Security Adviser's inability to work with the State Department. Baker became increasingly impatient over OPD's inability to produce options for DeLoach directly. What should the adviser

administration's stance to the extension of the Voting Rights Act? What about ending price controls on natural gas? How far before we make a decision on continuing draft registration or ending it?

Occasionally, and very privately, even Meese became exasperated. In one secret meeting he wondered aloud about Anders and his QED. "What do Marty and those guys do over there?" He would try to find out. He would push and prod and bait meetings. But he had surrounded himself with a weak staff during that first year.

Recently, Moore's colleagues grew increasingly concerned that he might receive bad advice about his problems or be made some changes, or accept changes forced by circumstances. He gave up on Alton Anderson quit in frustration. By the time it was so settled, however, the FBI had already made a decision. Anderson was part of the permanent book of the Kingsmen. When Clark applied to join as the National Security Adviser, Moore was initially cut off by the NSA. Paper from Hoover and Clark had managed to exclude Moore from the check of the Allen office. So much for the "secret" of the Kingsmen. Moore was not a member of State. Alexander Buey, a clerk at the time, said, "the typical old bird [retired] in the administration's first year was effectively defunct. The exact moment of its demise can be debated. This corresponds the time during the first two weeks of January 1962, when Clark's appointment

Baker and DeLoach learned for a assignment of responsibility that would take Messer out of operations completely. Baker even came to believe that all concerns would be better served if either he or Messer left the White House altogether, so that there could be one Chief of Staff and clear authority. On one occasion Reagan gave Baker an opening to pitch for a succession of the White House staff, but

As the group labored through the difficult summer and fall of 1982 toward a midterm election that threatened a serious setback, the senior echelon of the White House staff was distracted by what several members expected to be an important reorganization, one that never came.

Moose himself, characteristically, refused to acknowledge any change. "I've had exactly the same relationship," he said of his dealings with Deaver and Baker since 1982. "We are unchangeable. [Those who cover the White House regularly have become] trained to Moose's schedule to confront this kind of evasion."

Though he generally manages to maintain his stable front to the outside world, those who see him frequently at close quarters could detect a fatigue at close quarters that is indicative of an underlying stress being left out of view. One side of the coin is the stress observed during his period. He sticks as close to the President as he can. He wants to attend every meeting, even the trivial ones. He seems to want to read the papers on your desk when he drops in. If he notices you talking to somebody from another office, he'll take you aside and say, "What was it all about? Something I should know?" How do you figure him?"

How to organize Edwin Menzies III, and Ronald Reagan's durable affinity for him, laid before a favorite game long before the troika died. One well-documented highlight of Menzies' career occurred in February 1980 as Reagan's New Hampshire primary campaign was onfire. A Republican Party member, Menzies had been in progress for years to become, the policy man, the lawyer the more knowledgeable about criminal justice than about electoral politics or internal vetting, triumphed over campaign manager John Sears, a paragon of the adroit political operator. Reagan asked a great deal by firing Sears, using with the experienced professionals loyal to him, well before the nomination was assured. But the choice had been made by Sears, and Reagan did not cut with Menzies.

In fact, the showdown in New Hampshire was not the first time, and would not be the last, that Meese was the target of Republicans who wanted to remove him from the boss's intimate circle. After the 1990 California election, for example, two of Reagan's political advisers, Stuart Spencer and Thomas Reed, tried to have Meese and Deaver evicted from the governor's staff. But Reagan sided with Meese and Deaver, and it was Spencer and Reed who went into exile for nearly a decade. Later, Spencer changed.

On the evening of October 26, 1960, at the Hyatt Agency in Dallas, Spencer, backfilling a service, privately advised the candidate against giving Morse a vote of the White House staff. Denver and Spencer then went to draw Baker in for that position. Morse was so shocked when Reagan put this to him the day after the election that a few of the others thought he might leave to serve in the administration at all. Instead, he decided to accept! Baker's advice and to keep on large a hand as possible in White House operations. Morse denied that he was in any way disappointed when he did not get clear commitment of the White House staff, he hadn't sought a, and did he want to be impossible for detail work, he said. He had denied

Understanding Keagan's loyalty to Meese is more a question of psychological

through—or failing to do so. Talking about this one night, Deaver became introspective. "You really have only your contacts, all you've been taught and all you've experienced. I just know my gut when I give advice. More than the others around the President, I talk from instinct." But when it came to Reagan, his instincts were so protective that professionalism suffered. For example, when he did his coronation number on Richard Allen, Deaver's assistant had to promise only one possible replacement, Bill Clark, because of Clark's strong personalities to the President led to Deaver as well. But Clark, despite his year at the State Department, was still a firm in foreign affairs and could be of only limited help in the White House. Deaver needed more: imaginative and cohesive policies.

Ironically, Clark's move to the White House became a problem for Deaver. They eventually found themselves at odds over how to budget Reagan's time and over the delicate question of Mexico's role. Deaver hoped for a reorganization at mid-term that would have put more power in Baker's hands as well as his own. By then Clark felt that Mexico was a controversial counterweight to Baker's influence. Once again Deaver was expected to mediate as he tried to protect Reagan.

For Deaver, who has never held a job he cared about before he met Reagan and had never had a mentor who influenced him greatly, the relationship was so much like a professional. That, rather than political ambition or commitment, was his reason for sticking with an occupation he found unexciting in its demands and increasingly rewarding in terms of money.

Born in Bakerfield, where he grew up, Deaver agreed to nothing more than professional status, interesting work, and a good income. The Deavers, like the Howens, were old Californians who had somehow risen out on the grid of the Golden West. As a teenager, Deaver dreamed for nothing so much as his own car. Facile at the piano, he finally earned enough playing at saloons to buy a five-year-old Pontiac. By then he was attending Berkeley State College (the quickest way to get on his bad side is to flirt as Ivy League pedagogue) and thinking about journalism as a career. "But I didn't get along with the professor, and anyway I couldn't write," he recalled. "So I switched to political science."

Deaver was in college during the 1960 Presidential campaign and considered himself a Nixon loyalist. His preference four years later was Goldwater. He drifted into a job as field man for the State Republican Committee and was working for state assembly candidates in the Santa Barbara area in 1966 when Reagan bought George Christopher for the gubernatorial nomination. Bill Clark, scouting for young talent to work for incoming Governor Re-

gan, recruited the best young Republican. The newcomer ended up handling scheduling, which involved taking the Reagan family's personal lives as well as politics. Deaver found himself part of a family at more times than one. The Reagan boys were to him, Clark played an unofficial role in his life and he started dating a secretary in the office, Carolyn Jody, who became his wife in 1968. Still, he thought he should get out at some point.

After Sacramento, Deaver went into public-relations partnership with another Sacramento colleague, Peter Hunsford, but he hardly stayed for more than a year. The firm's most important and remunerative client was Ronald Reagan—political advocate, speechwriter, newspaper columnist, and radio commentator.

Hunsford absented the column and supervised research for the radio spots, most of which Reagan preferred to draft personally. Deaver did a lot of the book-ings and often traveled with his once and future boss. The candidate's official headquarters when he declared for the 1960 Presidential campaign was the Deaver & Hunsford office on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles.

A brief aside from Reagan's campaign staff following a dispute with John Sears gave Deaver time to reflect. The organization, and particularly the Reagan's ascendance to it, hurt. At the same time it was an opportunity at last to assert independence. Deaver was planning to arrive out on his own, to set up a small consulting business with a few rich customers, who

he put aside his plans one more time to go back to the campaign.

By the time the Deavers came to Washington—effectively, he realized—he had acquired a strong taste for the good life. He made the mistake of complaining in public that he could not make it on his White House salary, which was then \$60,000 a year. In a period when the Reagans were being accused of callousness toward the poor, that hardly helped the cause. The Deavers rented a house in the chic Potomac Road section of town, just down the street from the Bakers, who were call-borders. Private schools are expensive in Washington. In the old days, the solution would have been nannies: jobs of the President would have put up the money necessary to get a paid assistant through the

version of hard times. Post-Watergate regulations made that impossible.

Almost from the time he arrived in Washington, Deaver was wondering when he could finally go it on his own. He had sold his interests in the firm to Hunsford for a gaudy but flowered dollar, then watched as his former partner—now with well-publicized access to the new administration—expanded into a national operation. Carolyn Deaver, a gracious, cheerful woman who shared her husband's affection for the Reagans, nonetheless worried him out of the White House. Black with car pooling, heavy social responsibilities, and a tight household budget, she gave up going and resumed smoking. It was a nervous time for the Deavers, the winter of 1984-85, and tensions within the couple

struck the next month, edgy as well. Carolyn worried that her husband was being outstepped by the job, a feeling he occasionally shared. When he was done, Deaver would fret: "Most of my adult life, and all of our married life, has been in Ronald Reagan's orbit. I was on my own just those few months when I was out of the campaign. I kind of missed that, isn't it a pity that I became Mike Deaver?" But the 1986 congressional election had to be fought. While House staff organization was still a problem, the loose operation was postponed indefinitely for lack of time. Deaver put by with an occasional injection. The Howens needed his. Besides, Deaver liked the parties, particularly when important people begged him to play the piano. □

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A Walk Through the Mystery City

TOKYO is a place that's surreal by night and ever changing hour by hour by Frances FitzGerald

YUJO MIYAMA, THE NOVELIST, LIVED FOR MANY YEARS IN A three-story Western-style villa in a quiet suburb of Tokyo. Near the end of his life—a few months before he committed ritual suicide at an army barracks—an American reporter asked him how he, an exponent of traditional Japanese values, could live in a Western house. Miyama's answer was that just because he lived in a Western house didn't mean that he lived as it as Westerners did. Though there was a staircase, it wasn't necessarily the way one got to the second floor.

The remark, when I read it years ago, seemed to me a profoundly striking piece of insight: for now that I have visited Tokyo I think of it as the only real map to the city.

From the raised expressways crowding the city Tokyo looks like a nightmare of megalopolis. It's not just that it's vast—more than eight hundred square miles and eleven million people—but that it has no articulation. The sea and the mountains are too far away to direct it, and the rivers too shallow to be more than interruptions in the spread of concrete. Most large cities—Bangkok as well as London—have districts you can identify by architectural style or pattern of use. But Tokyo is everywhere a jumble of the old and the new, of factories and office buildings and residential streets. And there seems to be no end to it; just mile after mile of factories and five-story houses, warehouses, garages, and thirty-high-rise buildings. On one hand it seems desperately modern—and small wonder, since an earthquake leveled much of it in 1923 and the American bombing did likewise in 1945. On the other hand it has no basic work of modernism, no monument to the future. Because of the continuing earthquake danger, there are few skyscrapers, just high-rises. Most of them ten-stories and jerry-built. There is a downtown of banks, corporate headquarters, government buildings, and hotels, but even there the buildings are surprisingly undistinguished. Most of them are new without being modern, and featureless but for the billboards plastered at eye-popping height. Driving for an hour across Tokyo, one seems to get nowhere at all.

At street level Tokyo seems even more chaotic. The *Franklin Pierce* Daily is the author of *Fire in the Lake*, a best-selling book about the Vietnam War and a Pulitzer Prize and a National Book Award and American Revolution.



A Sunday stroll through the city park, beneath the overcast clouds, Tokyo seems attractive and as only that's all there is.

PHOTO: GARY H. FETTER



THE GRASSLESS STREETS OF TOKYO ARE A JUNGLE OF FACTORIES, OFFICES, DEPARTMENT STORES, AND RESIDENCES. HIGH-RISES JUT OVER LOW-RISES, ALL MODERN-LOOKING AND UNDISTINGUISHED.

guidebooks point to the Imperial Palace as the center of the city, but it is neither the geographic center nor the axis for the streets. Tokyo has no radial or grid plan, indeed it has no plan whatever. The streets run in various and sundry directions, the streets cross each at all kinds of angles, and between the two there is usually a warren of alleysways.

In the downtown, the Gens, the building maintain a fairly constant height and relationship to the street, but elsewhere high-rises stick up like mushrooms among two-story houses. The newer buildings have screen elevators, turn corners to avoid other ones, or sit at odd angles to their neighbors, leaving strange little patches of sky.

Building goes on in a wholly free-market fashion, and with amazing rapidity, even Japanese construction crews work by night as well as by day. Coming out of a restaurant after dinner, you may walk a plank across a six-foot-deep trench dug since you were in. Making up one morning, you may find the local grocery store transformed into a Genshichi baroque or a coffee shop with video games. A few months later the baroque and the coffee shop will have been replaced by a glass-and-steel high-rise—a sudden thought of Dallas in the midst of your neighborhood.

The speed of destruction and construction is more than casually disconcerting,

since there are no street addresses in Tokyo. Few streets have names, and the buildings are numbered by the date of their construction rather than by their position on the block. Street maps are not very useful, and subway maps, while they provide an excellent guide to the subway, bear little relation to the city's geography. If you want to find a shop or a restaurant, or even the place you are staying, you must negotiate the *kaidoko*. But then the landmark disappears, and perhaps the street and the shop is well. Particularly at night, when some signs of address and purple denunciations of buildings, Tokyo's curmudgeon—a world dream by some one else.

The guidebooks point to the Imperial Palace as the center of the city, but the tourist who goes there will be disappointed for high walls conceal the palace, and the open space of grass not graced in front of it is but another buffer between the exclusive emperor and the city.

Chicago has as counterpart to the Tempio-Episcopale Plaza San Marco, or Two Jo Men Square. It has no public space that focuses the city. Its parks, clinics, and government buildings withered about, but it has no public architecture, no public symbols of the sort even the poorest and poorest countries have built to represent the sacred or the secular order. It is as if there were no

such thing as a public in Tokyo.

Of course there are crowds in the city. There are enormous crowds on the subway, at the market streets, and at the downtown avenues. In the morning the downtown crowd consists of thousands upon thousands of businessmen dressed identically in blue vests, white shirts, narrow ties, and knee-buckled belts. These men—and the women, too—walk at an enormous speed, but then stop abruptly, as masses, for red lights. (To New Yorkers this sight is perhaps the most alarming one in Tokyo.)

In this city, crowds, whether their nature, always seem to be traveling, passing through, never stopping to take stock of themselves. People on the street never unconscious of one another, and there are no places for people-watching. There are no public spaces, but there are no private ones either. The Western tourist will consult his guidebook for the popular service clubs and night spots, but once again he will be ignored, for at this rich city there are no great houses when fashionable people avoid the risk to go to one another and be seen. When the downtown crowd goes out at night, it disperses into thousands of tiny restaurants seating no more than five or six.

To the Westerner usually astounded in Japan, Tokyo must seem to be the price the Japanese have paid for their extraordinary

leap into the modern world. A century ago Japan was a feudal society—a land of peasants, samurai, and wooden houses with tatami floors. Forty years ago it was a country of samurai, and a few years ago it was a country of samurai.

Looking at Tokyo, the visitor might gather that on the road to becoming a great industrial power the Japanese had shaken off their culture and their history as a pull around them the pieces of parts of Western civilization they found most immediately useful. Never stopping to re-evaluate, they found themselves overwhelmed by mass society and living in a chaos of concrete where they were, quite literally, lost all of the time.

But there are a few obvious facts about Tokyo that do not fit this picture. In the first place, the city is extremely old; there is little street crime, if anything, it has actually diminished in recent years. (This led the police rounded up about three thousand yakuza in search of weapons and found only a couple of dozen guns and a few swords.) In the second place, it is one of the cleanest cities in the world. The air pollution that choked the city a decade ago has completely vanished—it was kept under way—until, in fact, it is almost to find so much as a dead mouse on the sidewalks. Thirdly, the sidewalks, with their grilles, trees and plant seats, are among the most efficient in the world.

Furthermore, to spend some time in Tokyo is to see that beneath the apparent chaos the city has a structure and an order nearly as solid. As Donald Richie, a long-time American expatriate, has pointed out, Tokyo is less a city than a series of villages, each of which has its market, its amusement centers, its residential quarter, and its large or small suburbs. In some sense it resembles Jane Jacobs's description of metropolitan New York and other vital, creative cities, but Tokyo has no such vitality, and its suburbanization is not organic and where the baker and the fishmonger live next to the Matsushita executives. On the other hand there is nothing Western about it structurally speaking. There are few criminals, but the basic unit—the cell structure, as Richie puts it—is the village, the traditional community of Japan. The villages of Tokyo are pushing up recently mid-century skyscrapers and old wooden houses are pushing up new skyscrapers, but the villages are still there, and they are still the villages.

The same sense of privacy holds for most places of entertainment in Tokyo. Around the major entertainment—the village centers—many coffee shops and restaurants advertise themselves with signs, often above verandas and balconies, from the point of view of one who does not read Japanese) private reproductions of the urban scene. But most of these restaurants—coffee bars, noodle shops, and the like—are the Japanese equivalent of fast-food restaurants, but the atmosphere is not passing through.

If you, as a visitor, dine with Tokyo friends, you will go to a restaurant as a small house sheltered from the streets or from the sun by a canopy of a traditional building. The guidebooks are not helpful in locating these places, not only because of the street address problem but because to go into them you must be known. There's no anonymity involved, it's just that these restaurants are top and first proprietors treat guests much like guests in their own homes.

While the Japanese borrowed many things Chinese, they in the end rejected Chinese monumental architecture and initial city planning. In Kyoto the private shrines and temples and the temples and shrines were private spaces for each party of deities. The first form derives from the noodle shop and the second from the private house, and the last and perhaps the most important. Some establishments call in guests to eat in the private house, and some have "hostesses" or *girl* bars. In ordinary restaurants and bars promoted by both sexes, the proprietor and the staff will entertain the guests with conversation. The chef or bartender keeps up a conversation with the guests, and the waiter is known who serve the private rooms has internally over their guests. These establishments are very personal, very intimate, and to Westerners they can seem at once too private and not private enough.

Japanese men have traditionally gone out at night without their wives—than the need for actual entertainment. But there is something more important at stake. For the Japanese, public means why many people go to the village and the village and Tokyo the individual can retreat from the impersonality of the streets, at night the downtown crowds disperse into the village. The government did not plan these villages (some of these were built before the city), on the other hand it has protected them by creating a decentralized network of city services and emergency services. The absence of street names is not an oversight on its part. The American concept of streets serves to create a sense of privacy, but the Japanese concept of streets is to create a sense of privacy. The government removed them, thus removing the element of anonymity that permitted strangers to find the villages as if they knew the people who lived there.

The same sense of privacy holds for most places of entertainment in Tokyo. Around the major entertainment—the village centers—many coffee shops and restaurants advertise themselves with signs, often above verandas and balconies, from the point of view of one who does not read Japanese) private reproductions of the urban scene. But most of these restaurants—coffee bars, noodle shops, and the like—are the Japanese equivalent of fast-food restaurants, but the atmosphere is not passing through.

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Their own homes. There are, generally speaking, two styles of Japanese restaurants: those where diners sit around a wooden counter waiting the chef prepare the food and those with private rooms for each party of deities. The first form derives from the noodle shop and the second from the private house, and the last and perhaps the most important. Some establishments call in guests to eat in the private house, and some have "hostesses" or *girl* bars. In ordinary restaurants and bars promoted by both sexes, the proprietor and the staff will entertain the guests with conversation. The chef or bartender keeps up a conversation with the guests, and the waiter is known who serve the private rooms has internally over their guests. These establishments are very personal, very intimate, and to Westerners they can seem at once too private and not private enough.

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Their own homes and restaurants, and those in the exact Tokyo villages, were



WHEN NIGHT FALLS, THE NEON LIGHTS GIVE THE CITY A SURREAL AIR. AS THE DOWNTOWN EXPANDS, SURROUNDING AREAS, LIKE ROPPONGI, HAVE BECOME SPECIALIZED ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICTS.

the people of the neighborhood; egalitarian, they are much like the Irish tavern or the English pub, and one is much like the other. But the bars and restaurants of Tokyo city—and there are many new ones now—vary by content: highly specialized places. These are restaurants that serve only one particular delicacy. One, for example, serves only *yaga*, the delicate white fish whose liver is heterologous in small quantities, ideal as haute cuisine. There are bars that serve up highly specialized foreign wines. In the Roppongi district there's a hanging plant bar that appears to have been imported stock by stock from San Francisco. Nearby, in the basement of an apartment high rise, there's a perfect Victorian parlor complete with cambric low seats, carved-oak sideboards, Tiffany glass, and native flower arrangements. The proprietor, who is also a decorator, plays host to a ramified group of connoisseurs from the multinational corporations. Then too there's a whole class of bars that cater to specialized sexual tastes. In addition to the gay bars—and there are several acres of them in one district—there are bars for every sub specialty one can imagine and some that, not being Japanese, are exotic. In the latter category there's a bar where young women in Russian togas serve as bar boys to women off duty from their jobs as bar girls in the businessmen's bars.

In addition, and perhaps most interesting, there's a class of bars now going to the political and literary bars of Dublin. These bars tend to be run by characters with the gift of gab that they serve as salons for writers, as well as poets, and, less so, they are for people who are marginally literary and down on their luck, and in the more neighborhood there's a bar for Marxist intellectuals who are not Party members, and a bar for amateur Rimbaud patrons.

There are probably hundreds of these day idiosyncratic habitats. No one knows how many there are, and to catalog them would be impossible. No Japanese can, of course, go to more than a few, and Westerners, while they might be welcomed for an evening, could not even locate very many of them. Simply to imagine the variety that must exist is to embark upon a series with no real terms, much like that of a Borges fiction. Somewhere there is surely a bar for computerists who have lost their manuscripts, a bar for screen writers to become dictators, a bar where baseball players discuss the works of Joseph Heller, and somewhere—on the aqua of postmodernity—there's a bar for

those who imagine what is going on in all the other bars.

Tokyo is changing, but what it is becoming is a mystery even to itself, like a cat's foot, it grows in all directions, the parts economies of the whole. For most of this century Westerners have spoken confidently of "the process of modernization" in "developing" countries. What they have usually had in mind is Westernization, for still now there has been no example of a modern industrial society that is not Western, thus the path of "modernization" has always seemed clear.

But now Japan in such a society, and the city of Tokyo, like the Japanese corporation, shows that the path Westerners have traveled is not the only one available. Thus for the Japanese have modernized by selective borrowing and by adapting Western technology to their own ends; they have built Western houses and built in them differently. But now they are beginning to create their own technology and to shape the international "process of modernization." Rather than select from an array of extant objects, they will make at least some of them. They will, as it were, build their own heavens with dragons emerging out of their own culture. But because creation is a mystery even to the creator, the future of the city and the very definition of "the modern" is becoming a mystery even to them. ☐

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THE BELLWETHER FOR AN ENTIRE GENERATION

This Year's Brand

The home of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, located a few hundred yards from San Francisco's Bay, is a converted single-story warehouse that once housed a mobile cafeteria called Harvey's Lunches. Entering through a small storefront stocked with old books and T-shirts, one passes into the kitchen, a doorway to the Harvey's days and now the control room in the *Whole Earth* operation. It is here that one finds Stewart Brand, the forty-four-year-old publisher of the *Catalog*. He is six feet tall, with a strong, athletic build, a head of rapidly thinning hair, and sun-burned creases around his blue eyes. He now tries to ignore the bald one might judge Brand to be a few years older than he is.

Tonight he is wearing what would be considered his uniform: a Levi's work jacket worn through at the elbows, a cotton-lined leather vest, blue jeans, and faded-brown suede Adideses. The standing pile around the *Whole Earth* office is that whenever Brand gets a new item of clothing he reserves it in his magazine, the *Collinsville Quarterly* (CQ). True to form, when he finally owns these suede Adideses some months later and buys a pair of shiny black leather ones—Bentley's shoes—he not only reserves them in CQ but milks them the best he can in the weekly column I edit with him for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

In a few months Brand will have moved onto the bungalow he's been rethinking for the last year. For the moment, however, he must make do with the *Whole Earth* kitchen, and he is busily preparing a huge pot of succotash, spawning a can of corn with his omnipresent Swiss army knife. "Succotash was an American Indian staple," he says, serving it up. "Scientists look at it today and are amazed that it has all the essential amino acids. Easy to fix for us kitchen types."

Joining in on the succotash is Patty Phelan. A young, smart woman, very blond, very fit, Patty has been Brand's romantic partner for several years now, the woman (see *Brand*) it is a matter of time when she will appear in his first appearance in *Esquire*.

on the *Collinsville Quarterly* and its founder and director of *Plenitude*, a San Francisco agency that disseminates health information to the public.

As he winds down his succotash, Brand comments that he's ready to move onto the big soon, although there's no wiring, no plumbing, and no heat. "But we can cook," he says. "That's the purpose. We'll have to use the CQ kitchen anymore." Patty, who is moving with him (she's co-owner), doesn't ever look up from the succotash she is peeling. "Will we still be backsliders when we move on the boat?" she asks Brand. I suggest, "Separates?" "Yeah," she says. "Separates. I like that. But I still want two rights off a week."

Brand, no words novice, knows how all this sounds. "This is what he'll write," he says, nodding toward me. "The blond, young Patty Phelan eats a hippie meal in the hippie kitchen—they love that shit on the West Coast."

The hippie. The man on the fringe. The free thinker. The brilliant economist. Brand has had to contend with these labels for almost twenty years—indeed, he's been called a parasite, a heretic, a madman, a delinquent, a new age Madan, and an intellectual gadfly, and if you try to draw a connection among some of the major points in Brand's life—doing Jerry Garcia as a basic-fitting associate, paratrooper, and Pentagonia photographer, launching the "acid test" with Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, winning a National Book Award with *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, advising California former-governor Jerry Brown, writing a major new catalog in computer software—you'd have to conclude that he is to some degree all of those things.

You'd also have to conclude that he's been involved with, even influenced, many of the ideas and events that have shaped the lives of an entire generation. Brand is something like a bellwether for a certain period in our lives. He is by no means the only one, nor even the best one, but what's important is the lesson, the full measure of his talent is that he is still here, still doing it.

Note that a decade after *The Last*

Brand with Patty Phelan in front of their houseboat, the *Maver*. 1984's Brand was the impetus of the first *Tripe Festival*.

1979 was the birth of the *Whole Earth* catalog. This year's Brand is a \$1.1 million computer software co-developer.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY WILSON

by
Joe Kane

Whole Earth Catalog was a National Book Award for Contemporary Affairs. Brand's activities include serving as a director of Flanery, running a school of "Ucruan Valley computer industry, publishing his magazine, the California Quarterly, and writing columns for the San Francisco Chronicle and New Scientist. More than a decade after the Catalog's biggest success, People magazine tells us that Ralph Bader is out and that Stewart Brand is in "a position for the new values."

ON A NOVEMBER MORNING, STEWART Brand sits in his office overlooking the Gate Five waterfront in Sausalito. The old stack of the lightest house he's moved into, the Mewes, is visible out the window. He leans back as he listens to Bob McAndrews, who is sitting in a jacket and tie on the futon couch across from him. McAndrews has just flown up from the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute, a nonprofit think tank in La Jolla. WHBII wants Brand on the faculty of its new school of management and strategic studies, specifically to coordinate a course called Management of Scarcity and Abundance. This project interests Brand, largely because the Institute is not your standard graduate school. Brand's course would be taught entirely through a computer network. Students from all over the country could check in and out of the class at will—in options of particular interest to the school's founders. A glance down the corridor led to the course Brand is moderating turns up a Citicorp vice-president, a corporate director for Hewlett-Packard, an assistant secretary for the Department of Commerce, and a Pioneer's Fund vice-president. The school's faculty includes Herman Kahn and Herbert York, director of defense research and engineering in the Eisenhower administration.

Not exactly the Whole Earth type of a faculty, I ask McAndrews why he visits Brand on his faculty.

"Stewart excels at what we call strategic thinking," McAndrews says. "We can see the far side of a mountain, the underside, the alternative—he can see the judgment. These people who study the future, they're the people who make them up, which is what Stewart does best. They can't get that at Harvard, they can't get it at the business world."

Brand eagerly accepts the WHBII offer. The course is very good. Brand's friends even more delighted by the busy computer he'll get to play with for the next two years. "These computer networks are the twentieth-century equivalent of the coffee shops of Socrates' Jonathan's days," he says, smiling then, the light glimmering in his coffee and used to express themselves. We'll get hooked on technology and do the same thing." Brand's fascination with computers seems very much at odds with his

"HE LIKES TO create a scene, then sit back and see what happens," says J. Baldwin, an associate of Brand's since the Sixties. "Frankly, it's his least-loved feature, but it's what makes him what he is. It's like stabbing a frog in the tail to see if it'll walk."

reputation for promoting "me and my old lady and our lady loves." When McAndrews leaves, I ask Brand about the connection between the two.

"We scored enormous unacknowledged successes ten years ago. You can sweat with peace and go from there," he says. "The computers are the newest thing in existence."

If anything, the strongest link is affection. "In the States you could get paid to do anything," Brand says. "The government would pay you to study such subjects if that's what you wanted to do. You could get money just for writing a letter home to your parents. When there's a lot of loose money, you're free to screw around."

And in that way, the people of the Silicon Valley are a lot like the people of the Sixties. Brand's said came with things. Silicon Valley's full of some of the wisest, most creative people on the planet, but it also has a whole circus of self-proclaimed computer geniuses who want to act like rock stars. They're proving that fools can get just as rich as smart people can."

Brand started The Whole Earth Catalog with a twenty-thousand-dollar inheritance from his father. Fifteen years later, he's about to embark on The Whole Earth Software Catalog, which, as previously mentioned, would package the manual catalog and to update it, a quarterly magazine supplement. "The traditional Whole Earth audience is about to get into personal computers in a big way," he says. "The Whole

Earth Catalog is mostly books, and books are considered software. In the new Catalog, a reader will turn to an area he's interested in—word processing, let's say—and find the programs that will help him do what he wants to do, then decide from there which computer is best suited to his needs. And we'll look at stuff like freeware, too, the public-domain programs that people don't tend to know about. The reason is that the big computer publications don't write about it, because freeware doesn't buy ads."

Talking with Brand, one has to come to terms immediately with his arrogance: he has no doubt that his venture will become the popular reference work in the field. But if his statements are a little going, it is also convincing, which may be why, several months after our conversations, Brand's book was sold for an eye-opening amount of money. He hadn't expected it—his agent, John Brockman, was all set to offer the Software Catalog to several publishing houses at no auction—but at April, Doubleday preannounced the auction when it came forward with a bid of \$1.3 million. Brockman accepted, and so wonder it may be the largest advance ever paid for a trade paperback. Brand's computer expertise is relatively novel, but his confidence was not missing to a bewildered East Coast publishing establishment eager to seize the moment, yet unsure just how. And of course that's not the first time that Brand has jumped in headfirst without testing the waters, his impulsive spirit's often success. "I consider myself an invincible," he says. "I invent games. Part of what goes into being an inventor is the absolute assurance that one is right. You can't challenge the status quo without that."

One of the Whole Earth Catalog, the most famous of Brand's inventions, is that is what they should be called, were the Top Ten records of the mid-Sixties. In 1965, after graduating from prep school at Exeter, getting a biology degree from Stanford (where he studied under Paul Ehrlich and Aldous Huxley), and doing a two-year stint in the Army, Brand and his wife, Lois, settled in the Bay Area, where he developed an interest in biochemistry. They met when they were a mid-level doctor, but both with Kenney and the Merry Pranksters announced plans to expand their anti-therapeutic experiments with LSD—the "acid tests"—into a public, weekend-long festival. Brand took over. He held a full in San Francisco, convinced Bill Graham to organize the event, arranged for a three-story band that would later become known as the Grateful Dead to provide music, and added a phantasmagoric moon-projector-and-light-show for

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elect. Prereaction posters were tucked against the Bay Area, and Brand wanted to see what would take. It was a pattern he would come to repeat throughout his life.

"He likes to create a scene, then sit back and see what happens," says J. Baldwin, a Whole Earth editor and an associate of Brand's since the Sixties. "Frankly, it's his last-lord-lord, but it's what makes him what he is. It's like eating a frog in the end to see if it's a frog."

"We figured there were a couple dozen, maybe a hundred hippies around," says Brand. "We didn't expect much more." Ten thousand showed up. "Up until then," says Brand, "I nobody had realized how many of us there were."

The Whole Earth Catalog was, in many ways, a genuine, organic, equal parts intellect, intelligence, idealism, and compassion. "I was like, 'Wow,'" says Brand. "I really had no idea what I was doing." In the late fifties, Brand, enamored with the free, unscripted, communal movements, as he called for at old Dodge peeing to travel from commune to commune offering tools, mainly books on how to survive beyond the suburbs. When it failed—"One little track just couldn't provide the variety of things we needed"—Brand conceived the idea to print, bind, and call it *The Whole Earth Catalog*. That was the fall of 1968, the thousand-copy print run of the tabloid sold out and Brand and Lois went to work around-the-clock to assemble a second edition. "It was an intense undertaking," says a former Brand employee. "They'd work all day in the Catalog, then go home at night and there would be Lois, writing the clothes, doing the dinner, and, when that was done, balancing the books while Stewart went off out in front of the TV and got inspired."

Brand's Catalog incorporated two key concepts. Every product, tool, or book was reviewed in short, pithy prose, chosen according to a rather simple formula: "grain what's good, good being anything that contributed to 'unselfish' education," he said. The writings of Buckminster Fuller or an exceptionally well-made garden hose. Along with the review the Catalog delivered detailed information on exactly how to get hold of the product, usually by mail order from the manufacturer or from the storefront Brand had set up in Menlo Park.

The Catalog was not only useful, but very readable, deliberately intended to be scanned rather than read. Given the many factors that might have contributed to a short attention span among Brand's peers—drugs, junk food, a childhood of television, you name it—the design was brilliant. And because Brand had an uncanny ability to see there he held of study and select the people and ideas that were most useful, each screened edition of the Catalog went on to outsell its predecessor.

By 1971 Brand was publishing *The Last*

"I WAS IN A STATE of nervous exhaustion the whole last year we were doing the Catalog," says Brand. "I went through a list: I thought about killing myself, I saw a shrink, I ended my marriage, I quit my job. Quitting the job and marriage seemed to do it."

Whole Earth Catalog, the culmination of the last three Catalogs that had gone before it, and a because one of the year's best-selling books. Brand greeted his success by writing up a nonprofit foundation, *Point to Give*, and he gave away the \$1.5 million profits the Catalog would generate. Then, just as his Stewart went off to his first job, he walked away from *The Whole Earth Catalog*. He was, in the parlance of the day, burned out. As he would later realize, he had gone through the last year of publishing the Catalog caught in the throes of a massive nervous breakdown.

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE FIRST TIME I played volleyball with Stewart Brand. It was a hot, brilliant August day in 1968. We were in the middle of a long-term production schedule for a second edition of the 1968 version of the Catalog (entitled, appropriately, *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*) and were trying frantically to make a September deadline. Every afternoon, though, to escape the deadline tension, we took an hour off to play two games of volleyball. And got paid for it.

The first game that day was a hilarious affair, with back hosing and crawling and the usual heavy dose of organic nuts over the balls. For hours, our teammates and teammates meant some time of late work. Brand didn't play in the first game, but when he stepped on the court for the second game, the chatter stopped. It wasn't that he was some kind of guru. The prob-

lem was that everyone knew how seriously he took the game.

Brand and I were on opposite sides and in the course of routine hand ourselves being off across the net. An errand set left what appeared to be a fifty-fifty ball between us. I could see that the ball was slightly more to my side, however, and as I tried a long-range serve came down hard for the spike. I gently flicked the ball to let it hit for the point. The move made him look silly, but he just kind of looked at me, grinned, and said, "Nice shot."

Then he turned around and said to me, "You're in a voice very low and barely audible." "Set me up." They did, and Brand socked a spike across my off forehand. It wasn't a matter of revenge. The point, rather, was well.

That trait permeated everything Brand does, and it has been the key to both his success and his failure. According to almost everyone who has ever worked for him, it was what made him publicly be described as a control freak. Despite the generous sprinkling of names on the northeast of *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, Brand cut out the bulk of the work, even to his, including, line-checking every page before it was sent to the printer. The sheer size of the job nearly cut him his acceptance had begun as a 65-page tabloid had grown into a 447-page book, and Brand wound up shattered.

"I was in a state of nervous exhaustion the whole last year we were doing the Catalog," says Brand. "It was your standard nervous breakdown, and I went through a list of ultimate changes trying to work out of it. I thought about killing myself, I saw a shrink, I ended my marriage, I quit my job. Quitting the job and marriage seemed to do it."

"He broke down trying to do it all," says J. Baldwin. "He's a highly competitive man, and it's very hard for him to give up his power. Intentionally, he knew he had to do it, but eventually he just couldn't."

Brand took a year off, then went back to doing what he did best, publishing *The Whole Earth Catalog* in 1974. That same year he began a romance, the California couple's first child, a son, and published, in Brand's words, "everything I feel like publishing."

Though his work had changed somewhat, Brand's work had not. "When I showed up in 1974," says Anne Herbert, whom Brand had met in his second edition, "the magazine staff was really shocked. They really liked working here—nice lunches, easy hours, good pay, volleyball every afternoon—but they didn't like Stewart. He had this intense conviction that swimming through the deep sea was what you were doing, swimming try to."

"The problem was that he just didn't know courtesy. He wasn't nice to people. People weren't his thing. Whole systems were his thing, these abstract ideas with-

An American Dream

by Patricia Westfall

EVERYONE dreams of packing it in and moving to the country with someone he loves. Here's a true story of two people who tried it

I USED TO ASK TO BE CALLED PATRICIA. To me Patricia was a pretty word, unlike Pat, which seemed abrupt, or Patty, which seemed too silly and girlish for a woman nearly 30. But talk of course I asked Jeff, shortly after we met, to call me Patricia, and to my surprise he firmly refused. He never had ever refused this harmless request before, but he argued that names are external, something others use, something my parents had to choose for me. To attempt to control my name was to block intimacy, because, in part, it is through the names we give one another that we come paths to one another. Those were not his words, I'm sure—he always spoke in a rapid parade of metaphors that I find impossible to capture or mimic—but those were the ideas. Over the years he called me many names, even the dreaded Patty. In fact, in the word Patty especially there were easy doors.

We met at a picnic, a company picnic of all things. I had just returned to the company, a publishing firm in Tennessee, where a dark sex morose man sorting out my life. Jeff had joined the company as my absence as a harbinger of facts-by-phone. He'd taken the job to see her through while he waited for a teaching job. The school board had hired him and then laid him, after he'd spent his savings moving to town, that drive was a leading snag. He was bitter and angry about this. The fact that the phone work based him didn't help his attitude any. He was in a foul mood most of the time, including at this picnic.

The picnic that he had intended the picnic as a retreat, as each of us was required to speak briefly about the most

important thing in his life right then. I said most important to me was getting my four-footed-pawed couch out of the kitchen of my new apartment, where the carpet layers had left a jelly, which was opposite raw, and most important in his life was poetry and the greatest influence on his life had been a poet with melancholic blue eyes.

Later I sat on a rock, saw him standing by a tree, and asked would he like to share my rock. Someone took a picture of us by the rock and later gave it to us as a wedding present, it's the only picture of him I've kept. On that rock we had, I felt, a magical conversation, which began when he challenged something I was saying. I can't imagine what now, but I'm sure it was an all-changing-religious sort of quarrel. He intimated with a quote from William Blake's "Merryme of Heaven and Hell" "Truth is such that it cannot be perceived and not be believed." I countered: if said perception could not be so abundant. He said with effort it could be. I said perhaps, but there were so many approaches to perception it was hard to know which approach to apply to which event or truth. He didn't follow, so I offered to draw him a map of perception. I said it was also a map of the universe. My map was like this:

MEASURING

CLIMBING

A poetry professor of mine once had argued that all writing could be placed on an axis with meaning and lyric, the extremes. The more lyrical a piece of writing, the more it resembled pure poetry and the more abstract it Patricia Westfall, teaches journalism at the University of Iowa. This excerpt from a forthcoming book is her first appearance in *Esquire*.



THEY MOVED TO THE COUNTRY TO RETURN TO THE LAND, THEY GREW VEGETABLES, PLANTED TREES, BUT WHAT HAD SEEMED AN EASY LIFE WASN'T. EVEN EDEN HAD THORNS.

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out there in the
style of cognac. We
don't mix it with
anything else. This
we have got it
as a whole oak. And
while it's made
from grain, it's not
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I was down in my desk, still in my bed, still nursing my first cup of coffee. The stone outside the window was as close as I felt inside the house. Naturally the view was as much for me. When working, I read all places out the window to know my look with scenery and garden. But this morning the garden was as it had been for many mornings, a depressing mix of trenches, dirt and digging, deep beds.

The deep beds were another of the forester's ideas and another thing I felt we didn't need. Beds were for people with limited garden space and no tiller. We had space and a tiller, why bother? But Jeff liked the idea, whether we needed them or not. The usual method of digging a bed is called border trenching. Essentially, a four-depth strip of soil is removed so a second rock-depth strip underneath can be disturbed, not dug, by plugging in a fork and wiggling it. This technique inserts and doesn't shoot down an inch. I've done border trenching. It's only a four-inch deep two inches for a twenty-by-four-foot bed.

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WHEN THE FORESTER SUGGESTED THAT WE USE HERBICIDES, JEFF REACTED AS IF HE'D BEEN BETRAYED. HE SAW IT AS A HERESY

When Jeff and the forester returned with the stone, it was obvious Jeff was upset about something. The forester was telling people about, someone to me. Several trucks were in our yard, and with them a great deal of noise, so it was almost before I could ask him what was wrong.

"I've never noticed what a busy day the forester is," Jeff said. He'd been known that was a serious claim. Last years' experience meant lack of commitment meant lack of faith.

"I was shocked at his tone: tense, angry. I wondered who had been angry with him recently taking him to work. My sense of him changed. He'd been angry. But he wasn't a busy myth at all, not something else, as people seemed, maybe. The forester's recommendation made me think this. Like a scientist, he was cautious, so I wanted to know what he meant. If he heard worded with me, I would. No limit myth could be carried for someone's sake, as the forester was. Jeff's myth had for something to believe in, they would search for information for it. For that I would suddenly and unexpectedly lose. Asheville people. Why had they totally turned on their dream and returned to the forester? Something? A cross of faith? Did combining the practical problems of country living with high myth compromise something?"

I was beginning to understand why the Asheville couple could be so uncomfortable. Jeff was right, trust was the issue. I didn't trust them. That thought their tendency to convert me rather than converse me, to put their ideas in terms of what I had, but I was what I had. But I

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MEMOIRS of a Caddy

The looper's life

LOOKING BACK, a makes a load of sense. I mean, what better way to train a young caddy to pick holes, whodunnit golf ball out of a vast sky than to stand barefoot in a field and let the sun hit you, over and over again? It was called slugging, slugging holes, and it was the lowest form of employment available on a course. Which is why the youngest, least experienced caddies usually got stuck doing it. The point was not to teach the caddies anything, that was a side effect. The point was to allow golfers to practice their shots. So, on my first day as a caddy I found myself standing at the bottom of a long sloping hill. At the top of the hill, two golfers stood talking. I was holding a small, empty leather bag. The fly in so balls it was easiest to hold were piled at the feet of the two golfers. Any minute they would start to hit them at me. To the right of the practice tee was a large wooden fence. Draped along the top of it I could see my older brother and his friends, experienced caddies all. They were watching me. I was the first event of the day. Later there would be card games to play, golf balls to cut open, sandwiches to steal, beer to drink, members' sons to torment, and bags to be carried. But for now there was just me, frightened, excited, waiting to be knocked unconscious.

I was fourteen that first spring, barely five feet tall, just under one hundred pounds. The start of my career as a caddy was something I had been thinking about for two years, since my brother had begun his. My father and his teachers had caddied at the same course thirty years before, in the Thirties, cutting through the same backyards to get there than as I had cut through that morning. Golly stories had been told at the dinner table all the previous week in anticipation of my inauguration. I knew it was my fate to stand at the bottom of that hill. It was my spot in a line.

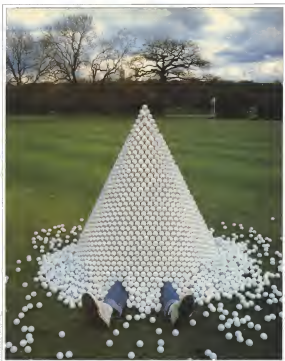
The first golfer stepped up to the ball, bracing his arm. He had told me how far out to stand, so I assumed I was the target. He swung. I heard a click and looked up. I saw nothing. The golfer was watching the ball the way golfers do, his club bones in the air, at the top of his swing, his head tilted. I stood at my spot, head up, waiting. Though I wanted to duck, I merely raised one arm quickly to my forehead, as though shielding my eyes from the sun. Then I heard a sharp tearing of the air and a thump as the ball landed about twenty feet to my right. I ran to pick it up. As I grabbed it I heard another click. I looked up quickly and saw the second

golfer at his pose, staring down in my direction. I stood up, searching the blue sky for the ball, seeing nothing, my toes clenched in my damp sneakers. Then I heard the tearing and the thump. This one had headed even farther away, about by almost fifty feet. I ran to it, leaving another click as I did. I stopped and looked. Nothing. Then, behind me, the tearing and the thump. It had gone over my head. I ran back to it. I was bent to the ground, my back to the tee, when suddenly I heard the tearing again. But this time it was closer and more defined. Near! There was a horrible **WHOMP!** as the ball slammed down beside me, just a foot away. It felt a clunk and bounced off. Another click. I turned, coughed, my hands over my head. Then I heard a yell, **"FORGIE!"** and the whistle and the roar and **WHOMP!** That one was as close as the last. They were screaming at me now, gravel rain hitting deeply into the dirt. **WHOMP!** I became a caddy.

A ROUND OF eighteen holes was a loop. A caddy was a looper. When you came in, your mother would ask, "Did you make a loop today?" Your friends would ask when you were going and you would say, "I'm going looping."

THIS CADDY YARD was down behind the pro shop. We waited there for the caddy master to station us for a loop. We sat on a long bench and smoked cigarettes and chewed staves and drank sodas at seventy-three in the morning. The caddy master would round the corner at the top of the yard and all activity would cease as we looked up at him in a daze. He would stand there and look us over and then point down, calling us by name. The names he knew us by were often names he had come up with on his own; they didn't always match our real names. All the time my brothers Mike and John and I couldn't move that first year—the caddy master called us Newman, "Ugly Newman," he'd say, "let's go." The caddy yard was also called the hole, as in "Get back in the hole!"—an order that was shouted at us when we worked "up top" to check the action at front of the pro shop.

IF SOMEHOW YOU got the first loop of the day and the dew was still heavy, when you walked you left footprints. The footprints were dark green in the pale green of the dew. When you reached the Green No. 10 you went first to the green and then to the hole. It was the December 1982 year



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY HARRIS

THERE WAS JUST ME, FRIGHTENED, EXCITED, AND WAITING TO BE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.

by David Noonan

trunks (Helmut after the war crossing streets barefooted, hands outstretched in a Melbourne wedding photographer). But always the vision remains intact: a timeless collision of violence and beauty.

Helmut is the foundation. For thirty years Helmut has invented and discarded, refined and ascended the fashion photograph. Above all, Newton is a working photographer. Since appearing in *Australian Vogue* in 1982, Newton, along with Peter and Andrew, has dominated fashion photography. "It's been a hell of a lot of bloody work," Helmut says, pinching Barban's silly "sextern" back for "The most important thing, about everything else, is taking the pictures. I keep a record of every photograph. A red or a navy diary. It's getting very crowded in there. But I don't just sit there taking spreads with dumb fashion photographs. I'm people in their bedrooms. A place to experiment. I will only walk in there if I have an idea." Helmut steps to examine a World War II prop tank surrounded against a white West wall. "The question that drives me crazy is always, 'What am I going to shoot tomorrow?'" Helmut is truly impatient. "I try to please myself but, of course, I must please whoever I'm working for. The pictures must be acceptable to them. And believe me, they are always expecting something new. If I accept their money, I am obliged to give them something different."

Like New? Who could possibly be that demanding, could whip up the big pressure at this stage of Newton's career? Only Newton himself. His imaginary tributes—Brexit, Van Stratten, Alexander Lamm, and a row of lesbian, bisexual critics judging every Newton image. Show me something new.

"Often when I was younger," Helmut says, "I would do these crazy, daring, dangerous things. A lot of times the idea and the experience were much more exciting than the actual photograph. But I felt forced to try."

It is 1970. Something is wrong with Helmut's heart. The doctors are unsure, but frighteningly sure: more tests are needed. So Helmut lies on his hospital bed and tries to quiet himself, tries to hear or, worse, feel the fifty-year-old woman in his chest.

At dawn the nurses, full of word (literal cheer), wheel him into the operating room. They hook him to a surgeon's set of wires and tubes, while off to one side a cardiologist adjusts a TV monitor. Helmut lies on the table, awake and naked; a horse owner. The doctor injects the dye into Helmut's artery and joins with the others at the monitor to watch it stream into the ailing heart. There on the black and white screen, heaving like some small trapped animal, is Helmut's life. Most patients slip into a deep sleep at this stage, Helmut pre-



himself up, escape the tiny Motel in his hand, and takes his self-portrait. And so goes life in Newsworld.

Helmut's conceptual partner—his wife, Jane (a photographer under the name Alice Springs)—creates at the museum of early Newton commando raids. "Helmut once did a series of raids in the Pima Motors—it rucki rucki! It's a wonder he didn't get killed. One afternoon he shot a guy, rode, dressed only in high heels, in the back of a Cadillac convertible. She just flashed her way down Florida's Dixie Highway, cars swerving after her. All that was very exciting, but the real change in Helmut's work happened in 1970, after his heart attack. Before then he would play me with Scotchies and keep me up all night just pumping me for ideas. He'd say, 'Jane, the Horse collection is coming up, you've got to think of something!' In a sense the ideas were manufactured. The first photographs were always sensual and completely Helmut's, but the ideas were borrowed from anywhere. After the heart operation he started to look only to himself." Jane's voice softens. "It was terrible to see. He never asked me or anybody else for an idea again. And do you know what? The pictures after 1970 are more exciting. Groundless. Almost completely impossible to create."

SHORTLY IS A FLAME, FRIGIDLY BORN IN Los Angeles. The city, lost in the course between ocean and desert, dreams of light quickly. It's an unshared moment. You'd rather wait it out indoors, find somewhere privately to talk until the night falls cold, fast, and definite. And sometimes, even in your comfortable hotel suite with a few bottles of red wine and a familiar movie on the TV, even then, the dusk will find you.

Jane Newton tips her wine, watching her husband rant, hand back, at the porch. The Italian figure shoot has taken a lot from Helmut. He rubs his eyes beneath his glasses. "I don't recall being

there. I was never there. I was never in good, the this...this."

"This is rather," Jane says briefly. "Remember when you got out of the hospital?"

"That is very personal, darling."

"But remember," she insists, "you were you'd never take another picture again. You said you couldn't bear to look through the camera. Helmut, you and your idea was over."

"I told you to do something. Anything," Jane pushes. "You had to work, so we found a new someone. Our nobody had never heard of. No one would care how you did. Nobody would judge. You needed a role player to try..."

An odd smile creeps across Helmut Newton's face. "Yes," he says, "and the money was fantastic."



JONATHAN YARDLEY

sworn against the national tide—back to the Frost Belt, to smothering friendliness, to neighborhoods full of eccentric Victorian houses and grand trees, to kooky crab cakes, to an utter lack of pretension—to

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

WHY I LIVE WHERE I LIVE

GIVE ME A BIG WHITE VICTORIAN house, a little ragged at the edges, on a sloping street lined with tall trees. Give me a neighborhood filled with other big old houses, set a little large enough to grant a measure of privacy but small enough to afford the pleasures of proximity. Give me neighbors who say hello on the street though they don't know me, and a grocer who says, "Good morning, Mr. Yardley," when I stop in to get one of my staples. Then I want a telephone call, by a couple of miles. Give me, in other words, the lingering dream of small-town America, yet—I might as well be greedy—set it in a big city where I can walk along city streets lined with old brick row houses, where I can attend concerts and plays and big-league baseball games, where I can eat good food in congenial restaurants, where I can find friends whose tastes and interests are the same as mine.

Which is to say: Give me what I have got, Give me Baltimore. It took a long time for me to find this place. My life, like the lives of so many other Americans in this transient age, has been a search for home. I was born in the fall of 1929 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Since then I have lived in London Park, New York; Chatham, Virginia; Chapel Hill, North Carolina; the District of Columbia; New York, New York; Greenville, North Carolina; Cambridge, Massachusetts; Miami, Florida; and Baltimore, Maryland.

I'm fortunate in that I adjust quickly and easily to new surroundings. In fact, in varying degrees, to every place I've lived, though I do not make a habit of pilgrimages to any of them. But two places in almost forty-four years adds up to a lot of moving around—and that doesn't include the two towns where I spent six years of prep school in the three places where my family resided when I was a boy. I've seen the East Coast from top to bottom. I've lived it with driver's licenses and marriage papers and voter-registration slips and all the other paraphernalia one picks up and discards in an unsettled life.

It's time to stop. It's time of throwing books into cartons and driving into terra firma. There is work to be done, and it can be done with a U-Haul stuffed to the roof hanger. I want, believe I do, to have my own small abode of that "sense of place" I so envy in William Faulkner and Robert Frost and other regional writers. I'll can't have neither soil, at least give me a chance at my own soil.

There found that soil in Baltimore, where I moved with my wife, Sue Hart, our beagle, and our two sleep cats on December 1, 1978. Three days earlier we had departed paradise, a house in Miami with a swimming pool and that heavenly citrus trees and an endless summer. Driving north, we sworn against the national tide: away from the Sun Belt, back to the Frost Belt. We both left, though we had our separate and mutual apprehensions, that we were headed back to the real world.

We knew remarkably little, though, about the specific place to which we were moving. Baltimore had not been part of the original program. For years we had wanted to move to Washington, when at last I was offered a job there; we assumed we would settle down in one of its suburbs. Then I made a telephone call.

I called a friend who had worked with me at *The Miami Herald* in the 1970s and who in the summer of 1978 had joined a newspaper in Baltimore. I called to report that we would be moving to his part of the country. He asked where we planned to live. "Well," I said, "we can't afford the District of Columbia, so we'll probably live somewhere in northern Virginia." To which he replied, "Why not live in Baltimore?"—and went on to list, in laudatory terms, the manifold attractions of a city energetically re-inventing itself, a city where you could buy a rambling Victorian house in an elegant neighborhood for eighty thousand dollars.

I laughed, said goodbye—and called back a couple of days later to get the name of my friend's mother. The more we thought about it, the more Baltimore made sense. Reasonably priced housing in a real city rather than a suburban bedroom, convenient rail service to Washington, a major-league baseball team, physical distance from the temptations of the Washington cocktail-party circuit, several good friends in the city, an ethnically and racially diverse population—it all added up to an unexpectedly appealing mix.

So there we were on December 1, 1978, heading over the down payment on a house—a big white Victorian house—in a neighborhood called Roland Park. The days immediately thereafter were not auspicious. The house that had appeared upon inspection in October to be in "move-in condition" was revealed, after removal of the prep schoolers' chattels, to be in desperate need of sweeping cosmetic repair. For months we were housebound: stripping walls, spackling, painting, scrubbing, supervising the construction of bookshelves, calling in plumbers and electricians.

Yet even in those dark days—and they were dark—we began to understand that we had chanced upon a city of singular qualities. Our first forays into its byways were mundane but revealing. At every stop—the hardware store, the wallpaper store, the grocery store, even the bank—we were smothered with friendliness. Accustomed as we had been to the impersonations of Miami, where payments on the spot and "The special in crab cakes, here, and the clam chowder is real good." "Sure, here, you can just send us a check." Shopkeepers and tradesmen who learned that we were new to the city positively embraced us. "New to Baltimore, are you? Where'd you come from? No kidding? You left all that sun and sand for dirty old Baltimore? Well, you're going to



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY BERMAN

THE AUTHOR AND THE U.S. FRIGATE CONSTELLATION. THREE CENTURIES OLD, THE SHIP REFLECTS THE CITY'S HARBORING REBUILDING, AND PRIDE OF IT.



By juxtaposing elements as unlikely as a necktie and a version of the T-shirt, sportswear gains a new dimension. Julian suggests just this combination—in tandem with a spare cotton-twill blouson, styled with deep pockets and a self-belt of the same fabric—as one possibility. The button-front T-shirt adds both a layer of warmth and a bright accent. Color play continues in the striped shirt and striped necktie, while pleated trousers in black corduroy add a crisp edge.

Perm-cotton-twill blouson jacket with contrast-pinked draping and self-belt (\$450). Cotton corduroy pleated trousers with medium waistband (\$400). Button-down cotton shirt with vertical stripes in black, burgundy, charcoal, yellow, teal, and red (\$170). Silk necktie with coordinating multicolor stripes (\$40). And silk-cotton merino-wool button-front T-shirt (\$40). Vintage 200th Anniversary (\$450). From William Scott. New York. (Contact people throughout this James D. Galloway Ltd., New York.)

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES D. GALLOWAY LTD. STYLING: JAMES D. GALLOWAY LTD. HAIR: JAMES D. GALLOWAY LTD. MAKEUP: JAMES D. GALLOWAY LTD.

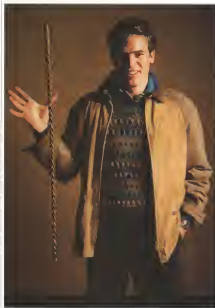
Smart Alex by Vincent Boucher

Alexander Julian made his name by offering men a palette of strikingly colorful clothes, the likes of which they hadn't seen before. Now, by stepping the back of his production in Europe, he has combined fine Italian tailoring and unique imported fabrics for a collection that, though American in attitude, has a Continental flair. Suits and sport jackets bespeak polish and authority, while casual sportswear takes on understated sophistication.



Scottish brushed Shetland wool makes for an uncommon sport jacket in a subtle graph-plaid pattern of faint awning stripes in burgundy, brown, and teal. Underneath, a dress shirt combines several riveting colors on a neutral beige background. Dark Italian flannel trousers underscore the jacket, while a jaunty emerald-green necktie with a broken-stripe motif keeps things lively.

Single-breasted plaid sport jacket in brushed Shetland wool (about \$500). Perennial-blend trousers (\$450). Spread-collar dress shirt in charcoal, forest-green, cream, and teal (up to \$100). Cotton-cotton silk necktie (\$40). Bone-gray Victorian Lanesville sweater (\$100). From William Scott. New York.



With three contrasting tones of suede in one jacket, Jalen has created a real collector's item. The handmade imported-calfskin jacket features raglan sleeves and side zipper-vent closures, which allow a fluid draping.

Underneath, the hand-knit Shetland-wool sweater incorporates raised twisted knots in its mix of blue, beige, pink, and green hues. An appealing spark of color is provided by the knit polo shirt with contrasting collar stripes.

Hip-length calf-merino jacket is softly lined, and chest scores (2000). Lined knee-length wool overcoat with round-lapel design (2000) was finished trousers with a subtle moltonie stripe (2000) and apple-green cotton-pique shirt with contrasting collar stripes (2000). Vintage Lord Elgin watchband (2000), from William Morris, New York.

Craftsmanship aside, the *Alexander* fashion collection is enriched by a menagerie of luxury. Fine flowers in lightweight blends of wool and cashmere are the foundation of easy-fitting, almost weightless suits. Hand-knit sweaters exhibit an intriguing mix of resplendent marled yarns. Suits and leathers, men's-hats for many modern accessories, are treated with glaucous and elegant originality.



Multicolor stripes, a signature Jalen touch, are given new importance in his clearly tailored, contemporary suit. The combination of padded soft shoulders, two-button double-breasted styling, peak lapels, and unfussy patch pockets assures a graceful yet thoroughly modern silhouette. A faintly striped dress shirt with an elegant spread collar and a natty necktie in a polka-dot pattern on broad stripes are urbane counterparts.

Double-breasted suit in wool and cashmere flannel with suit, multi-line custom stripes (about \$1750) pure-silk suit-and-dress shirt with purple stripes (\$375) and pure silk cardigan (\$400) Westwood's, in platinum or a leather head (about \$1,500), New Tiffany & Co., New York. Items from the Alexander Julian collection at The Alexander Julian Shop, Washington, D.C. Dwight Goodman, Birmingham.

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The Esquire Review

JULY 1983



CAUTION: Men at Work on Men at Work

by Bob Spitz

ON FEBRUARY 16 OF THIS YEAR, AL TELFER, WHO OPERATES THE NEW YORK-BASED OPERATIONS OF COLUMBIA RECORDS, HELD A WORKING LUNCH IN THE ELEVENTH-FLOOR DINING ROOM OF CBS HEADQUARTERS. EVERY MAJOR department head was there, and the discussion focused on what to do about a group called Men at Work.

"Our men talk," said Teller, "to give these guys some kind of image. No one knows who they are from the first record, aside from what they're seen on MTV. And, frankly, that's not enough to carry them very far. They need a visual identity, a recognizable face." Teller insisted "Oh excuse, we'll get a picture."

The problem, as everyone at the room perceived it, was to ensure the success of Men at Work's second album, Cargo, which had been delivered to Columbia three months earlier. Their first album,

Two Men in a Tuxedo, has done remarkably well. Not only was it the best-selling album of 1982, producing several hits, including "Who Can It Be Now?" "We Gived, Gived," and "Down Under," but the best of those went gold as a single and held the number-one spot on the charts for a fifteen-week stretch, breaking a record for debut artists that belonged to the Monkees. In addition, the group produced one of the most requested videos on influential MTV and won a Grammy for Best New Artist. In total, the album sold over four million copies—but that was 3,900,000 more than anyone had expected.

In late 1982, CBS originally passed on the group, in did their affiliated labels Epic and Portrait, even though the group had already captured the number-one position on the Australian pop charts (*Men at Work*

is an Australian group). An A&R man (offensively, Artists and Repertoire, he both assesses new talent and develops it) gave the group a listen and shrank it, but not until record label departments had the opportunity to offer similar opinions. Thus, *Men at Work*, in an already depressed record economy, were considered chronically unsalvageable.

That is, with a combination of timing and internal politics ultimately forced the label's hand. The Australian A&R chief was frustrated by the parent company's inability to get an American release for a proven hit and complained to Dick Asher, then president of CBS Records' Domestic Division. Responding to Asher's request that the company reinstate its decision, Al Teller agreed to release *Business as Usual*, even before listening to the record.

MUSIC
MOVIES
VIDEO
BOOKS
& ART

Inside Moves

The Business of Show Business

WAR and GAMES

HOW *WARGAMES* FINALLY GOT to the screen is a story worthy of the movie's tale. It begins in 1979 when Larry Lasker, thirty, and Walter Parkes, twenty-one, pitched producer Leonard

Goldberg an idea about a young computer whiz who randomly taps into the Pentagon's computerized defense system. Goldberg, the TV film responsible (with Aaron Spelling) for *Charlie's Angels* and *Hill Street Blues*, okayed the project and even agreed to make them coproducers. Considering that they had never even written a script before, it was an unusual collaboration, but that was the deal made between the writers, Goldberg, and Universal Pictures, with whom Goldberg had made an earlier deal to produce movies.

Lasker and Parkes were two lucky kids—or so it seemed. A year later, when they delivered their script, it was immediately given a tentative green light by the executives. In the meantime, the writers even scored a colour copy by attracting a young movie critic named Maxine Davis. Davis was hot at the time, though not for a very good reason. Except for a well-received academic film called *My Tennessee*, she had by then made only one film length feature, *Going to Sign*, which received favorable reviews and did only for at the box office. What made Davis attractive was her reputation as being every picture he was offered. The movie projects he turned down, the more often he was made used February 1981, when Lasker, who was a young acquaintance, gave her the *Wargames* script to read. But he, theoretical writer and by April the film was ready to enter production.

At about this time, Goldberg's story editor, Lisa Weintraub, approached her boss about becoming a producer on the film. Goldberg agreed, on the condition that she be allowed to bring in an additional producer later on, someone who actually knew how to produce a film. It was the same deal he had made with

Lasker and Parkes. All said, at this point, Goldberg had three movie producers, two movie screenwriters, and a near-month director calling his movie. As Goldberg himself had no previous picture track record to speak of, it should have been his surprise that his project would start to sell itself.

Which is exactly what began to happen soon after. First wanted a rewrite of the script, but the harder he pushed, the harder the writers bailed. At Parkes's insistence, Goldberg brought in an outside writer he knew: Walter Graess, a noted script doctor to do the rewrites, and Lasker and Parkes were asked to leave. Since the two were still producers of the film, however, they remained in on the script changes and watched as Davis changed the hero from high school age to college age (in critical difference) removed his low student, even toyed with the idea of blowing up the world. They were appalled. And so they worked in private and submitted their own version of the script. Nobody asked for it and so, as far as they knew, nobody read it. Finally Davis, by now understandably uncomfortable with their insistence at the executive demands that they be excluded. They were.

An executive's comment, so did the budget, and on November 9, 1981, Universal president Ned Tasson told Goldberg he was free to sell the picture to another studio, putting it into what he called "tombstone" despite the trouble, there was quite a bit of excitement about the movie, and several studios were interested, especially Disney. But things were not simple as they seemed. Goldberg had just ended his relationship with Universal to make a deal with his friend David Begelman at MGM. MGM had bought United Artists four months before, and the band at production at UA was Frank Marshall, who just happened to be Lisa Weintraub's boss. As United Artists wanted *Wargames*, United Artists got *Wargames*, only seven days after Universal had let it go. That same November, Lasker and Parkes were officially fired as producers. The studio deal that had secured their relationship with the movie they had brought to Leonard Goldberg almost two years earlier.

Begelman continued. UA and first thought over the budget as production costs mounted. Start dates were set and postponed, then set and postponed again. Finally, since the studio couldn't afford to spend more than \$11 million on the film, it agreed co-producing deals with Sherwood, a production company, and with EMI, a British studio. In typical Hollywood fashion, David Begelman would leave MGM one month later to become chief at Sherwood, but before he left, he did not want to. Begelman had actually signed the script to Sherwood, intent to receive Davis and



him the supercomputer interest. According to an account published in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, Spielberg was interested until Davis discovered the underwritten memorandum and called Spielberg. Begelman drives the story. On August 1982, when they were shooting *WarGames*, Goldberg, now MGM/UA president Frederic Fiddis, Paula Weintraub, and David Begelman on his Sherwood role all watched the daily rushes and for reasons that are much to do with the acceptance of the script the acceptance of the young Oliver was a strong resistance to Davis to begin with as with the majority of the footage, they would shoot out. A week or so into production, the group convened to assemble a list of names for Mary Brien's replacement. They Bill and Louis Malle were on that list, as was the man who had just finished *Trading Places* for Columbia, John Badham. Paula Weintraub made the call offering the job to Badham, who accepted. It couldn't have been an easy call for her—but sister Lisa, still a producer on the picture, had by then become romantically involved with Davis, and Paula had to put company business above family ties. Even that, however, was not enough to keep UA from firing her out three weeks later.

In early September Leonard Goldberg told Mary Brien he was fired, and Lisa Weintraub walked off with him. Production shut down, and Badham moved in he looked at the script, which he said was a mess, and thought about how to fix it. In the meantime, Lasker

and Parkes, who were doing work on other projects and had only theoretical gripes about the picture that Badham had been based on their picture, phone d the director. Badham asked which script they'd like best. They returned their several scripts, which, as far as they knew, no one had read. Badham passed it together with a bit of the Green script and a bit of the original, but for all intents and purposes it was that uncolored draft that became the shooting script for *Wargames*. Six days after Davis was fired, Badham assumed production. Lasker and Parkes, with no "official" role, set up makeshift headquarters in Badham's office and began around-the-clock sessions, scrubbing on the script, adding dialogue, sometimes seconds before shooting.

In November 1982, *Wargames* was wrapped, with only six minutes of Brien's footage intact. The two was once the picture had been passed. Lasker and Parkes now live in Los Angeles with the 20th Century-Fox and are even talking to Leonard Goldberg, the man who fired them twice, about doing another movie with him.

LOVE and MONEY

THE BIGGEST SWITCH in publishing circles was John Irving's move from Dutton to William Morrow. Irving's at work now on a new book called *The Cider House Rules*, with the movie version of his *Best New Movie* (initially under way) Dutton did *Wargames* with Peter Guber. Irving's a paperback sale to Pocket Books for \$2.3 million, but Pocket was considerably less happy. They just a bonus. Morrow paid \$1.1 million for *Cider House*, which was enormous, considering it didn't even



include a cut of the paperback sales. Most publishing traditions say the amount Irving left Dutton was that they couldn't for didn't want to cough up the money Irving wanted for *Cider House*, but Irving's agent, Peter Matsumoto, denied that. "John's reason for leaving Dutton

was emotional, really emotional," he said. "When Howard [Irving's editor there] died, he inevitably came to feel that the people at Dutton were his friends, part of another life." Still, the question after the disappointing sales of the *Best New Movie* was how much Irving in truth. "If you do the anthology," Matsumoto said, "Morrow won't have to do much better than Dutton did with *Love to Burn* to earn back the advance, and they're going to get a much better book." As Dutton actually did well with *Love*, you figure that out. IN ANOTHER PUBLISHING SWITCH, consider the sign of these shagbats. *How to Make Love* books. With all of them around it's hard to tell one from another, and that, says observers, is what is hurting the sales of the latest, *How to Make Love to a Geek Girl*. The author is Alexandra Penney, who wrote the first, *How to Make Love to a Man*, but not the second, *How to Make Love to a Woman*.

The authors of *How to Make Love* are three men, Greg Smith, Steve Nadel, and Michael Margenstern, and they were brought together by the project by Connie Claussen, who used to be Penney's editor. Penney's agent now is John Rowland, who was almost Claussen's agent, but that's another story. Penney originally came to Claussen with the idea for the *How to Make Love* series. Claussen was enthusiastic and got an unusually high advance of \$100,000. John Rowland, who was then a number of weeks, which Claussen agreed were necessary. Penney claimed but then also soon left their both while she went to another agent, who she also liked. Meanwhile, Claussen's agent, who was the *How to Make Love* book, the agent to the *How to Make Love* book, and Penney refused. So to find a writer they went to Claussen, and she got both Smith and Nadel, who were her clients. Smith and Nadel, in turn, asked Margenstern, a lawyer, to go in, largely because the two already had seven books under contract between them and would have no issue to promote the book. At this point, Penney landed in Rowland's office and pitched her *How to Make Love* book, which she saw as a more sympathetic sequel, and Rowland got from Penney's a reported \$500,000 advance.

Finally, an January, *Geek Girl* came out, and the sales were disappointing. Finally, Penney "wasn't pleased" about the Margenstern book, but the bottom line, of course, was that everyone but Penney's got rich off the three books. Recognizing an open market when they see one, Smith and Nadel have just finished their new book, *How to Make Love to a Geek Girl*, and Margenstern's first solo effort in under way, called (tentatively) *How to Make Love to a Geek Girl*.

ROCK and REEL

WHEN SONY FINALLY RELEASED its first three long-awaited musical Video discs, the choices—two cuts from Duran Duran, from Mike Nesmith's *Alphaville*, and from an independent Scottish rock 'n' roller named Jim Kerr—

John O'Donoghue, the thirty-year-old frontman of Sony's hottest operations, says Duran Duran was chosen for their "style content," but precisely the three acts were picked with an opposite strategy in mind, other



then some sense O'Donoghue had of their "repertoire," that is that an audience would want to watch these particular discs more than once. O'Donoghue "discovered" Jeanie Ray, an unknown who sent me video of herself the new has a contract with Columbia Records, but he and the movie part, announced in attracting new talent. Twenty companies will probably jump on the band within a year, and he expects them to be better at the A&R business than he is. Sony's strength, in O'Donoghue's view, is primarily technological record companies will either lose the company to immediate types of their artists or sell the rights of their artists for Sony to exploit and distribute themselves. In any event, O'Donoghue is convinced he is setting on top of a gold mine. Whether he is right is anybody's guess, but he has just released the second wave of tapes, which includes cuts from Elton John, Rod Stewart, and U2.

Return of the Ancient Mailer

by Vance Bourjaily

THIRTY YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS THIRTY, I EDITED A MAGAZINE CALLED DISCOVERY IN IT I SET OUT TO PUBLISH PRIZE AND POETRY BY ANY GOOD NEW WRITER'S COLLEAGUES AND I COULD FIND THEM WE MANAGED TO DO. WE ALSO MANAGED TO DISH UP OUR OTHER LATE LEGS—IN DISCOVERY much of the current short work of the top poets, the little group that commonly called the postwar writers.

The controversies were about to do great things, especially in fiction. The sons, the son, an important article of faith. I wrote a piece for *Discovery* that I called "No More Apologies." The theme was that no postwar writers had nothing to feel bad about. We were off in a ball of a start. I said, on the evidence of first books. It was a stronger start, I decided, than the Hemingway-Faulkner-Fitzgerald squad had made, were their earliest work to be separated and judged on its own—a stance that made up in boldness everything it lacked in critical responsibility.

Thirty years and many dozen books later, by several dozen hands, I find myself neither proud nor sad about what's happened, only confused. Among the dozens, there have been a number of superb new ones, many of them by people who did contribute to the magazine back then.

Yet there is no man or woman living, now writing or past it, or so it seems to me, of whom it can be said that he or she is a great American novelist with the same certainty that it could have been said of Hemingway or Faulkner at thirty. Among the most contemporary and decorated, there is only one, Vladimir Nabokov, a whose actual the class of postwar reaches something like consensus consent. There is another—though, of course, she did not reach the thirty-five age: Flannery O'Connor, whose fewer adherents saw the world with greater conviction. Back among the living, there is a one-word man, Robert Bly, whose book is often called a master piece, and there is a man who has chosen to become estranged, J. D. Salinger, whose work at the Fifties, by continuing to attract new readers among the young, has passed the first test of immortality, and although I am not a comfortable reader of *Sideways*, I think that *Henderson* and *Rain King* will find endurance, too.

If you agree that these seven to be as

beasts quite perfectly shared for wearing brands get, you are in my company, or take your pick among three explanations. The hope is that there have been no many good novels in the past thirty years that it will take embosom another thirty, and some have new minds, to start out which writers books constitute a body of work strong enough to be called post. I like this explanation in it, and would try to support it with a negative argument that goes: Look, there aren't any French, French, Russian, Japanese, or other living foreign writers we categorize much agree to call great yet, either. —But these I can't say, and of amazing books from abroad to give the final of my own. Let's see how it looks some years down the road; the world's got to have produced a couple of great ones in three long, hot decades.

The last happy experience is to suppose that fiction's time has passed, and

THAT LAST COULD BE SAID, AND for all I know it may be, of Norman Mailer's new novel, *Ancient Easterings* (Doubleday, \$14.95). It's not a new novel, it's a new novel for my condition. It is also totally beyond judgment.

Ancient Easterings in manuscript came close to filling four typewriter-paper books. The first page is numbered 1,740. It estimates the wordage at 320,000, which would make it two and a half times as long as *An American Dream* (but short by about 250,000 words of *War and Peace*).

It is set in Egypt, in the decadence of the New Empire, when the pharaoh was Ramesses IX, around 1200 B.C. Much of it takes place in several few rooms of this pharaoh's palace, where few characters, among them a 180-year-old man nearing the end of his health life, discourse. Much of what is talked about took place during the man's first life, during the reign—and

in the palace and harems and on a battlefield—of Ramesses II, the Great, but in the novel's opening and close—the setting is the necropolis at Thebes—there are two characters, and both are dead, they are the last loved man and his recently deceased grandmother, who twenty-one years old and the primary subject.

Mailer is not a writer who allows himself to be constrained, especially by point-of-view rules. As long ago as *The Deer Park*, he could write in a certain section in which his first-person narrator, Sergius, was absent, leaving the action take place in Sergius's life as he imagines it must have. In *Ancient Easterings* even greater liberty is taken by allowing Mailer to let the twenty-one-year-old die depicted with, with the ability to wander the clouds of whichever other characters the author chooses. The character whose consciousness has been broken and returned does not even need to be present.

As in most contemporary storytelling, there are questions in the book that suggest themselves from the mystery. In *Ancient Easterings* what we have is some pretty active special effects in the magic, some grossly visible ones, battles—single combat and group—many crowded scenes, and a lot of sex that is neither soft nor hot, once in a while often damned that disconcerts. Women are raped by "each of their three mothers," then by three. The adulterous sexual episodes may be heterosexual or bisexual and possibly involve incest, grandfather-granddaughter, mother son brother sister lives, all at once! And, for the first time ever, soul-of-grand-grandfather-soul-of-grand-grandmother incest. Right.

All this is delivered in calm, archaic, soft-edged prose, but for all its ease *Ancient Easterings* is even more a book of bad smells. Perhaps does with time to show, but surely A composer could make sure that no notes are played in as often as our eyes, and far more often than our palates, ears, and fingertips together. "Now that is quite not what it is," Mailer told me, "and that characterisation is very useful." For what Mailer has written is neither thirty nor fantasy to me is a certain lack of inhibition. He is not making us to see New Empire Egypt, he is not politically parallel to our own. He is not, quite obviously, as old T. S. Eliot in *The Waste Land* and *Father King*, moving through

the legends of our national beginning, nor, as does Garcia Márquez, of our cultural beginnings. He is not creating coherent myth, like Calvino, nor a great tale, like Tolstoy. He is, perhaps, closer to delivering an exposition of what he sees in mythological archetypes, as does Finnegor, for example, in *The Golden Bough*—but this is not archetypology or circumstantial religion, it is fiction. At its best, and especially in a quite irrelevant dozen pages toward the end, one actually thinks of Dante. But the Egyptian underworld travels lower—lower, rather, along the way—but there Egyptian gods are long dead, their literary beliefs discarded. Two are alone. There are others that is noted as occasional outcomes.

AS WITH MAILER'S PAST WORKS, one can say that this one is unapologetic almost to the point of being perverse, risky almost to the point of being absurd. Obviously this is not the author's novel of contemporary life for which many have waited. And yet, what is it, what is it, related to the point of being truly terrible, it is a vast display of writing power.

Through all its length and many dimensions, *Ancient Easterings* never fails to be a complicated work. Its narrative drive, though not explicit, is powerful, it is not, perhaps, as obvious as in Mailer's other, its inventiveness constant, its tone

cautiously aroused. When these things can be said of a novel, and added to the observation that the reviewer has never read anything like it before, he may produce the *trou du diable*. This is the longest damn book I ever read. Most of them don't go very much past novel's length.

Mailer's strategy has often been to defy, and then try to record, one's expectations of yes, and this has often produced books talked about to the exclusion of other current books. Perhaps by the time this review appears it will be appearing again. For the new Mailer is, mysteriously, the Great Pyramid of Khafu, a monument like no other. I suspect that there are those who will call it a tomb for Norman Mailer's huge talent.

They will be wrong. It is not a tomb, it is a strange creature, to which I have made an awkward and unexpected entrance. It should make as look forward, and I do, with a certain puzzled awe to marvels and monstrosities yet to come—Norm Mailer, and perhaps some other new writers as well. For while the cargo here, the stories are as tight as which a man or woman, living nothing at all now to lose, may cut loose as never before. One thing Norman Mailer may have done is to show the rest of us how wide the final voyage may be. We'll all have to hope.

Karl J. Eberhard, the author of the novel, is a professor of literature at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

Hollywood & Vinyl THE SCRIPT CONFERENCE

IN WHICH SANDY WANGS AND HER PRODUCER HANNE TALKER FIRST MEETING ABOUT HER SCREENPLAY, EMMA AROMANCE ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ALFRED STEIGLITZ AND HIS FIRST WIFE EMMAELINE.

<p>SANDY, I LOVE THE SCRIPT. I JUST AND A FEW HANNE.</p>	<p>WELL ABOUT FOUR AFTER THE SCRIPTS, WE HAD CONTACTED HER. SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING OFF TO ALFRED WAS TO LEARN CHILD CARE.</p>	<p>SO HE CALLED ME AS A BAWWY TO GO TO THE P.T.A. MEETING.</p>	<p>BUT ON THE WAY, SHE CALLED ME. SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING OFF TO ALFRED WAS TO LEARN CHILD CARE.</p>
<p>SHE SAID THE SCRIPT WAS GOOD. SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING OFF TO ALFRED WAS TO LEARN CHILD CARE.</p>	<p>SHE SAID THE SCRIPT WAS GOOD. SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING OFF TO ALFRED WAS TO LEARN CHILD CARE.</p>	<p>SHE SAID THE SCRIPT WAS GOOD. SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING OFF TO ALFRED WAS TO LEARN CHILD CARE.</p>	<p>SHE SAID THE SCRIPT WAS GOOD. SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING OFF TO ALFRED WAS TO LEARN CHILD CARE.</p>

HUMAN MOMENTS IN WORLD WAR III

ASTRONAUTS ORBITING AN EMBATTLED EARTH, THEIR CAPSULE ARMED WITH DEADLY LASERS. TO THEM ORDINARY CONCERNS ARE EVERYTHING AND NOTHING

by Don DeLillo

A NOTE ABOUT VOLLMER. HE NO LONGER DESCRIBES THE earth as a library globe or a map that has come alive, as a cosmic eye staring into deep space. This last was his most ambitious fling at imagery. The war has changed the way he sees the earth. The earth is land and water, the dwelling place of mortal men, in elevated dictionary terms. He doesn't see it anymore (storm-spiraled, sea-bright, breathing heat and haze and color) as an occasion for picturesque language, for careful play or speculation.

At two hundred and twenty kilometers we see ship wakes and the larger airports. Icebergs, lightning bolts, sand dunes. I point out lava flows and cold-core eddies. That silver ribbon off the Irish coast, I tell him, is an oil slick.

This is my third orbital mission, Vollmer's first. He is an engineering genius, a communications and weapons genius, and maybe other kinds of genius as well. As

mission specialist I'm content to be in charge. (The word specialist, in the standard usage of Colorado Command, refers here to someone who does not specialize.) Our spacecraft is designed precisely to gather intelligence. The refinement of the quantum-burn technique enables us to make frequent adjustments of orbit without firing rockets every time. We swing out into high wide trajectories, the whole earth as our psychic light, to inspect un-

Don DeLillo's "The New Yorkers of the Backward Century" appeared in the December 1993 issue of "American Literature." "World War III" will be included in David Shields' book, "The Heart of the Matter: The First Fifty Years, as it is published in the fall by Viking. The novel, "The Names," his latest novel, was published last fall by Knopf.



maned and possibly hostile entities. We orbit tightly, snugly, like miniature boats at surface activities in a choppy sea.

The bowing of nuclear weapons has made the world safe for us:

I try not to think long thoughts at school in rumbling classrooms. But the urge to think always comes. The fifth class puts me into philosophy classes. How can we help it? We see the planet complete, we have a privileged state. In our attempts to be equal to the experience, we tend to create opportunity on subjects like the human condition. It makes a nice local universal, floating over the continents, seeing the rim of the world, a line as clear as a compass rose, knowing it is just a turning of the head to Atlantic twilight, to sediment plains and help beds, an island floating in the dusky sea.

I feel myself it is only society I want to think of our life here as solitary, as a housekeeping arrangement, an entity but workable space created by a housing shortage or spring floods in the valley.

VOLLMER DOES THE SYSTEMS checklist and goes to his bathroom to rest. He is twenty-three years old, a boy with a lanky head and close-cropped hair. He takes about a quarter of an hour to get the objects in his personal preference list, placing them on an adjacent Volvo surface for tender inspection. I have a 1990 silver dollar in my personal preference list. Little else of note. Volmer has graduated parents, books, computers, cars, and a backpack. I don't know whether he chose the items based on or whether they were pressed on him by parents who feared that his life in space would be lacking in human resources.

For homeworks are human resources, I suppose, although I don't know whether Colorado Command pleased it that way. We eat hot dogs and almond crunch bars and apply to balls as part of the printing checklist. We wear slippers at the firing panel. Volmer's football jersey is a banner emblem. Orange, purple and white, of polyester mesh, bearing the number 79, a big man's number, a prime of so particular distinction, a makes him look stoop-shouldered, almost comically large.

"I still get depressed on Sundays," he says.

"Do we have Sundays here?"

"No, but they have there and I still feel them. I always know when it's Sunday."

"Why do you get depressed?"

"The slowness of Sunday. Something about the glam, the smell of warm grass, the church service, the relatives visiting in nice clothes. The whole day kind of lags forward."

"I didn't like Sundays either."

"They were long and hot, or long and cold."

In summer my grandmother made lemons. That was a tradition. The whole day we lived on hot lemonade and the rooms around never changed. On hot routine is different, it's satisfying. It gives our time a shape and substance. These Sundays were shapeless. The last day of summer was coming, who was coming, what we'd all do. These were the first words out of the mouth of each person before anyone spoke. I was the only kid in the group. People were happy to see me. I used to want to hide."

"What's wrong with lemons?" I ask.

A little-management smile, an assumed, reports high-energy level activity in orbital sector Deimos. We take out our inner lemons and vials they're full in bowls. The lemons are a complex, and become the only operators on post control only, we must release the sum of established measures with the utmost care.

A NOTE ABOUT THE EARTH: The earth is the presence of day and night, it contains water and hot lava, volcanic activity, a natural waking and sleeping, or so it seems to someone deprived of this tidal clock.

This is why Volmer's remark about Sundays in Minnesota struck me as intergalactic. It struck me because he feels, as I think he feels, that inherently earthbound things.

To men at this station, it is as though things exist in their particular physical form in order to reveal the hidden asperity of reality. The earth is not a machine. The earth reveals to us the simple awesome beauty of day and night. It is there to contain and incorporate these conceptual events.

VOLLMER IN HIS BEDROOMS and lecture chairs resembles a high school wrestler, all hot hardware, an awkward man not aware he is open to cruel scrutiny, not aware he is without defense, standing with arms folded in a place of rebelling youth and chlorine fumes. There is something staped in the sound of his voice. It is two days, a deep nose from him in the mouth, slightly swollen, a little hole. Volmer has never said a thing that is not true. I can say his voice that is shaped, a groove and nailed back, a voice without inflection or breath.

We are not compehensive. The flight deck and crew quarters are thoughtfully designed. Food is not too good. There are books, video-tapes, and music. We do the manual checklists, the end checklists, the simulated things with no sign of boredom or circumspection. If anything, we are getting better at our tasks all the time. The only danger a concentration.

I try to keep our conversations on an everyday plane. I make it a point to talk about small things, routine things. This makes sense to me. It seems a sound

choice, under the circumstances, to restrict our talk to familiar topics, like cars. I want to build a structure of the commonplace. But Volmer has a tendency to bring up enormous subjects. He wants to talk about war and the weapons of war. He wants to discuss global strategies and the suppression. I feel him that he is stopped describing the earth as a common eye he wants to see in a great hole or computer model. He looks at the planet and tries to put me in a theoretical argument, selective space-based attitudes versus long, drawn-out, well-considered land war engagements. He quotes complex, scientific sources. What am I supposed to say? He will suggest that people are disappointed in the war. The war is dragging into its third week. There is a sense in which it is worth out, played out. He pictures that from the news broadcasts we periodically receive. Something at the astronaut's voice hints at a let-down, a fatigue, a first battle—something—something. Volmer is probably right about this. I've heard it myself, in the tone of an astronaut's voice, in the voice of Colorado Command, despite the fact that our news is censored, that we are not telling us things they feel we shouldn't know, in our special situation, our exposed and tentative position. In his direct and simple sounding and occasionally perceptive way, young Volmer says that people are not enjoying this war to the same extent that people have always enjoyed and counted themselves on war, as a background, a periodic necessity. What I can tell Volmer is that the enthusiasm of my first-teaching and most reluctantly held convictions. Coming from that mild face, in that earnest moment when we were, these earnest and weary say as they moved out when they mean to stay.

I want to be selective, to try to be selective, to try to be selective in the deepest intent. Volmer's candor exposes something painful.

I IT IS NOT TOO EARLY IN THE WAR to discuss aesthetic relevance to earth wars. All wars tell back. Ships, planes, entire operations are named after ancient battles, simpler weapons, what we perceive as aesthetic content. This is a human reaction, and it is not true. When I sit at the firing panel I look at a photograph of Volmer's provided when he was a young man in a sagging black and a shadow behind, standing in a bare field, a hole stopped in his shoulder. This is a human reaction, and it is not true. That, among other things, is a form of longing.

W E ROCK WITH THE COMMAND-station, take-on-board, exchange conversation. The war is going on. They tell us, although it isn't likely we know more than we do. Then we separate. The answerer a flicker and I am feel-

ing happy and satisfied, having received human contact with the nearest form of the outside world, having noted open and early music, traded voices, traded news and rumors—beats, rumbles, rattles, rattles. We show our supplies of broccoli and apple cider and fruit cocktail and butterscotch pudding. I feel a heavy emotion, trading away the colorfully packaged goods, a satisfaction of propriety well-being, the consumer's solid comfort.

VOLLMER'S T-SHIRT BEARS THE word "Sovereigns."

"People had hoped to be caught up in something bigger than themselves," he says. "They thought it would be a shareholders. They would feel a sense of shared purpose, shared duty. Like a sovereignty that binds a large city—but lasting months, lasting years, carrying everyone along, creating fellow feeling where there was only suspicion and fear. Strangers talking to each other, meals by candlelight when the power date. The war would create something we say we do. What was important would become personal. What was solitary would be shared. But what happens when the sense of shared cause begins to dwindle much sooner than anyone expected? We begin to think the feeling lasts longer in newspapers."

A NOTE ABOUT SELECTIVE NOISE: Forty-eight hours ago I was monitoring data on the mission console when a voice looked at an empty report to Colorado Command. The voice was unbalanced, heavy with static. I checked my headset, checked the antennas and lights. Seconds later the unbalanced signal resumed and I heard an off-balance voice ask me to switch to the redundant noise frequency. I did this but it only caused the weak voice to return, a voice that carried with it a strange and unappealing poignancy. I selected somehow to recognize it. I don't know who was speaking. It was the code I recognized, the teaching quality of some half-remembered and under even, even through the static, the same man.

In any case, Colorado Command increased transmission in a matter of seconds.

"We have a device. Timbuktu."

"We have a device. Timbuktu."

"We have a device. Timbuktu."

"We have a device. Timbuktu."

"We have a device. Timbuktu."

"We are clearing an outline to locate sources."

"Thank you, Colorado."

"It is probably past selective noise. We are getting red on the stop-function key."

"It was a noise," I told them.



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BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

CHESAPEAKE BAY BLUES

How many oysters can one of its most valuable resources survive?

THE SUN rose as we loaded the boat. There were no clouds, only a little mist over the water, so it came up clearly and turned every thing a warm orange color. All kinds of birds came awake and began to move—masses of gulls, solitary cormorants, garter ducks and, a male or two at best, beyond a thin line of tidality and rocks, a solitary, single formation of Canada geese.

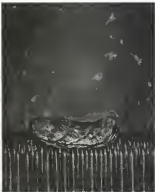
"Lorrrr... look at this," Kerry Council said. "It might be a terrible story for oysters, but it is going to be a beautiful picture, too."

Bloos, Council's coffer, and Phild, his diver, agreed with him about the day and then finished loading forty bushel baskets, a chrome suit, and their own lunches and gear into Council's forty-year-old five-hulled water boat. They stepped the ladders and Council eased down the channel of the Tred Avon River toward its mouth, where it flows into the Chesapeake Bay. In fact, oysters in the Chesapeake Bay.

There were two or three boats ahead of Council's and more following. It was a fleet, at its largest at season's end, going out for another day's work, harvesting oysters on one of the most fertile bodies of water in the world.

We took coffee on the way down close next to the bar where Council would be working. He had to shout over the sound of the boat's big diesel. "I can't promise how we'll do today. I don't know the bottom. Around here, I know the bottom and I could guarantee you we'll find them. But this isn't a normal year."

There was a portable kerosene heater on deck, inside the caddy corner Phild, the diver, had a portable water-warming heater, in the past, but diving gloves. On the way out he pulled on two pairs of thermal and some extra socks. When Council backed off the engine and began watching the depth recorder, Phild climbed into a triple-hull dry suit and stepped on his diving regulator. Using a sounding pole as well as his recorder, Council searched the



depth he wanted—twenty feet or so. When he found it, he threw the engine out of gear and inched the boat with full air and raised acoustic block.

Phild pulled his head over his hand, then got off his mask. He wore a small tank connected to a long hose—perhaps a hundred feet—that ran off a compressor with forward suction of the boat. When he was out of air, he went down a ladder that Council had hung from the transom.

Council and Bloos pulled on rubber overalls and gloves, then stood waiting on either side of a stainless steel culling table across the boat. In ten minutes Phild pulled on a line. Council threw it through a snitch block, usually a hydraulic winch, and brought in a wire basket full of droppings oysters.

"Pretty oyster, huh? Boats!" he said as he tossed over an old shell with his culling hammer. "Look at this beauty."

"Nice." Bloos wet, holding up an empty shell. "But here's a bum."

"And another. Damn. It's a bum too. Be everywhere here, huh?"

COUNCIL IS a Maryland settler, one of about five thousand who go out on the Chesapeake Bay virtually every day of the season, which here runs the end of September until the beginning of April. A mild day in March like this one is a portion of grace. Five years ago, when the bay froze over, Council broke through the ice and went out oystering. "These days follows on the beach getting lost because they couldn't work, and I was bringing in a line every day and asking if the system couldn't be better. That's about as high as oysters have ever been. Gradually miserable work. It'll tell you. But what are you going to do? You can't pass up that kind of money. And I won't take food stamps. Nobody gives me nothing."

In the Chesapeake a limit of oysters is twenty-five bushels. Each oyster is a lot may take a limit every day during the season.

"Three or four years ago," Council recalled, "it was nothing to take a limit at half a day's time. Today you wouldn't do it. You'd stop out all day and night."

Over the last hundred years, the worst of oysters—until, perhaps, this year—was probably the early 1930s, when the Maryland state of the bay was producing as few as a million and a half bushels a season. By the end of the Seventies the yield was nearly twice that. But at the turn of the century the figure had been in the area of ten million bushels. There were oysters everywhere in the bay and its tributaries back then. You could even find them along the Atlantic coast, as you can it today. But, in keeping with the spirit of the day, they were plentiful, largely by boats coming down from the north.

By the time regulations were in place and compliance was becoming more serious, the pressure had suffered irreparable damage. A bed, once depleted, is nearly gone forever. As larvae, or

"spat," oysters need old shells or "culch," to cling to, and tons of shell from the Chesapeake had gone north or had been used by Maryland to build roads and causeways. It is almost impossible here, the state of Maryland performed prodigious feats, even dredging virtually priceless shell to transplant onto these hours for culch. Still, the bay could never again be what it had been.

In the early Sixties, despite all this effort, oyster harvests were at all-time lows. Then that began to be changing. The reason was because of high oyster counts—local politicians in other words.

An industry, the Chesapeake Bay—through a vast network of local rivers, the largest of which is the Susquehanna—drains the area from Pennsylvania south into Virginia, a heavily populated area where much of the nation's fish is produced. By the late Fifties and early Sixties people whose only link to the Chesapeake Bay was an occasional meal of oysters were sending their waste material into it in such volume that the bay and those who had made a life and its products were in trouble. The Chesapeake Bay was becoming a cesspool. And it was not just oysters that were affected. The raw sewage that was finding its way into the bay also caused problems for people who ate the oysters. It didn't help. Harvests in only one of the waters you can catch here eating a contaminated oyster.

THEN CAME the environmental movement and the clean-water legislation. The turnaround in the Chesapeake was messy, slow and in many ways unworkable. The oyster harvest improved dramatically. Beds that had been closed were reopened. Soon, however, it became clear that solving the bay's problems was not going to be as easy as it had seemed. If that, the cleanup process itself had started to kill the oysters.

Cleaning up the water required killing the bacteria in the waste material before it was dumped into the rivers that flow into the bay. The organic material—nitrogen and phosphorus—in the treated waste acted as a fertilizer on algae, promoting great blooms of the stuff that then died and decayed, using up oxygen in the process. Before long in the upper reaches of the bay and its tributaries there was not enough oxygen in the water to support oysters. (Today, during late summer, the Patuxent River, one of the Chesapeake's great tributaries, is 70 percent treated sewage.) Oystermen survived even this, though, working the deeper sections of the bay and the lower bay, where the treated water was more widely dispersed and where its effects weren't so drastic.

Then, last year, MSX appeared. MSX, a very persistent virus, is a parasite, and is lost in the oyster. It enters the host through the gills and gradually decays it

Thought to be present in the bay at low levels at all times, it proliferates when the water is highly salty. Well, the past few years have been unusually dry in the East, and the lower streams have brought less fresh water to the bay—hence, the salty Atlantic water has migrated further up the bay. MSX has come with it, killing those oyster beds that survived the local pollution and the cleanup. Ironically, the higher salt levels have triggered excellent survival of the spat, so the oyster harvest in the next few years should improve. But to see the old beds that Kerry Council knew and relied on for all of nothing but "bombs"—the empty shells of oysters that have recently died. The answer that was coming to a close on that fine early spring day was likely to be one of the worst ever.

As I watched Council and Bloos work and followed the bubbles that marked Phild's position I felt the warm darkness that almost comes when you are out on the water on a mild day. It is a sensation in the peace that it could transpire even Michelle's Abba—temporarily. So it was hard for me to get too excited about pollution while I was out in the water. Still, I could imagine as we talked the possibility of people who find something sinister about these of us who upon the environmental line. "You're talking about five thousand people," they would say. "You want us to get excited about five thousand oysters when we're just leaving children people out of work in this country?"

Well, yes. Mister of fact, I do. In the first place, oystering is an industry that

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Tuaca. Among its exquisite tastes are one possessing a whisper of vanilla and a hint of orange. Very Italian and completely delicious. A golden amber liqueur with a rich aroma and bouquet that pleases the senses. Tuaca. About \$15 the bottle.



Recreation is as much an art as a science, and each species has its problems. Biologists are still trying to understand and to master the numerous molecular peculiarities. But many

scientists are confident these problems will be overcome. We are living in the high-tech era. If better cars can be engineered, why not better brains? —John Mahoney and JO Malhotra

The Nonviolent Martial Art



AIKIDO, "THE WAY of harmonizing with the spirit of the universe," is perhaps the most elegant and sophisticated of the martial arts. It is also the most difficult to learn, says Joel Walker, a practitioner of aikido and karate, in the July 1980 *Schmoozer American*. "The demands for skill, grace and timing rival those of classical ballet."

In spite of these demands, aikido is growing in popularity. Though it is a direct descendant of *budo*—"the way of the warrior"—aikido is a mixture of the conventional martial arts. Its deepest purpose—expressed in every technique, every movement—is to create harmony rather than discord, reconciliation rather than victory.

Modern aikido was founded in the late Twenties by Morihei Ueshiba, a master of jujitsu and sword fighting. At his death at age eighty-six in 1939, Master Ueshiba left behind a rich multi-body sport art and a legend of extraordinary feats, some of which were captured on film. But he left only a few words among them:

"The secret of aikido is to harmonize ourselves with the movement of the universe and bring ourselves into accord with the universe itself. The who has gained the secret of aikido has the universe in harmony and can say, 'I am the universe.'"

"Aikido is not a technique to fight with or defeat the enemy. It is the way to reconcile the world and make human

beings one family."

"The only opponent is within."

It is practically impossible to master aikido without internalizing its philosophy. And it is a rather radical philosophy. Its love and protect the attacker to cooperate with rather than compete against your fellow aikidoka (practitioner) are forbidden, but concentration is quite challenging, as transcendental concepts of time, space, and causality, and to some the immateriality of all constructs.

Aikido can be practiced by people of every age but can be as demanding physically as it is philosophically. Half the time the student plays the attacker in the role no person can paint and the attacker is generally thrown or pinned. The seemingly effortless quality of aikido disguises the rigorous training involved in taking a full aikido and gracefully. This aspect of the art—learning to transform the fear of being into the joy of being—is as rewarding and valuable as the throwing and pinning.

Since as power does not come from their arms or exceptional upper body strength, aikido is an especially good martial art for women and smaller men. Two such women are arm, shoulder, and chest muscles, in fact, can prevent graceful and effective performance on the mat. The standing force of the aikido shows derives from the legs muscles that are attached to the pelvis. During

throws, the aikido's arms and hands are often extended like swords. This is accomplished by using a long, loosely flowing through the arms and out the fingertips. Whatever the external explanation for this mystical phenomenon, the fact remains that it works, the aikido "energy arm" is released yet immovably powerful. In aikido, the mysterious and the commonplace often seem to join.

Getting involved in this art is as easy as looking it up in the Yellow Pages—aikido is generally listed under Judo, Karate, or Martial Arts. Please and ask if you can observe a class. If not, something is probably wrong, the best dojo welcome visitors. Watch the timing. See if it matches the original idea attracted by the founder of the art. Then decide if you are willing to devote time, money, and effort to your practice. Considering the complexity of the training and the fact that classes are generally offered twice a day, five to seven days a week, less time to be quite reasonable. Monthly dues at most major dojo range from thirty-five to fifty dollars. You should probably take up aikido unless you can visit a considerable minimum of twice a week on average. Three to six days a week would be better.

Aikido training is an ongoing process. You learn barely by putting on your training uniform, generally available at the dojo, lying in on your white belt (beginner) of the ultimate learner (the master). The more experienced students will help you, as will your sensei (teacher). Sometimes, you'll get through a period of feeling quite useless. Take it as a natural and necessary part of the learning process. Getting a black belt will probably take three or four years of dedicated training for the younger person, five years or more for others. So

THE FORTY-LEADERSHIP
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don't even think about that. Just stay on the mat. Keep training. You can eventually gain physical conditioning, flexibility, grace under pressure, confidence, a sense of community. And the moment will finally come—just when you least expect it—when a show works perfectly with no apparent effort on your part and your student goes sailing through the air. At that moment, you'll realize there are absolutely no words that can adequately describe why you're practicing aikido. —George Leonard

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New Notes



At Simex, one of the country's largest auction companies, investors cut deals and negotiate contracts.

▷ **THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS Commission** is sorting through twelve thousand applications from across the country for licenses to run new low-power television stations or translators (only stations) designed for "narrowcasting"—local programming aimed at a small segment of the population. Several thousand new stations could be created, providing the most significant increase in television options since cable. The start-up costs for a new station have been estimated at \$50,000 to \$150,000—a fraction of the \$1 million or so needed to open a regular station. Comments arrive from the 118th Street Block Club in Harlem to the Red Lake band of Chippewas Indians have sent in applications, as have such institutions as the United Auto Workers and Sears, which want to start a country music network. Applications are now being accepted for mail areas only. For information on how to apply, write: Federal Communications Commission, Consumer Awareness Office, 1910 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20554.

▷ **In late April** a light-as-air vehicle slipped out of its hangar near Toronto for a two-week flight (with stops) to North Carolina at a speed of thirty miles an hour. There, for at least five minutes, the U.S. Navy and the Coast Guard will evaluate the British-designed A1-500 for its ability to conduct radar surveillance, to act as a stable platform for night surveillance, and to perform some search-and-rescue missions. Another use for the blimp—and by far the most potentially lucrative—is heavy lifting. For certain tasks, particularly in one-of-the-way

places, the LTVs will replace cranes and jibs on helicopters. To encourage further experimentation with blimps, the Lighter Than Air Systems Technology Conference will be held July 8-9 at the Hilton at the Park in Anaheim, California. The public is invited.

▷ **Simex**, founded in 1979 by Gordon Davidson and Corinne McLaughlin, is one of the nation's largest experimental goods companies. Occupying eighty-two acres near Amherst, Massachusetts, it's home for twenty-five adults and thirteen children, with supporting members as far away as Louisiana and Ohio. The community—which mediates together twice a day—supports itself by growing vegetables and herbs and operates a food co-op, which lends members for about seven dollars a week each. Other businesses include a solar heating company, a natural-fiber clothing mail-order outfit, an organic fruit farm, and a whole wheat doughnut shop. For more information, write to Simex, P.O. Box 365 E. Amherst, Massachusetts 01005, or call 413-254-2025.

▷ **Ultrasonica**, of Naples, California, is trying to revolutionize medicine. With the firm's ultrasound equipment, physicians can view the body's organs using sound waves instead of radiation. *Ultrasonica* is growing so fast it can't keep up with itself, so its backlog of orders will swell. Last year the company had \$53 million in revenue, this year revenue jumped to \$135 million.

▷ **Altares Huxley** called her "love of those strategically placed dinkies whose knowledge in many fields permeates them." In particular the quack of the living moly. *Art* Menninger was inspired by her. *Arthur* Roessler

inspired her. Margaret Mead, Konrad Lorenz, and Jean Piaget were among those who were affected by him. But few people know his work or even his name. Ludwig von Bertalanffy (1901-72) Bertalanffy's general systems theory, the basis of his thinking, is a remarkable guide to the inter-workings of any system. (Whether it's human beings, the U.N., or the L.A. freeway, if it's maintained by the interaction of its parts, it qualifies as a Bertalanffy system.) One reason for the diversity of Bertalanffy's interests is the usefulness of his theory in almost any area of study. The most accessible introduction to Bertalanffy is a new book called *General Systems Science*, by Mark Davidson (Chelsea, \$15.95). The book is available in its explication and dirty academic in its prose, but the subject, Bertalanffy himself, is vital and original enough to carry the book.

▷ **From Pachyderm**, the newsletter of the Parasite Research Division of the Sonoma-Pacific National Bank, comes word of a "name-recognition" survey undertaken by the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston. More than half the respondents identified the term "Federal Reserve" as a "New Kentucky bourbon." A third of them thought it was a North Dakota Indian Reservation. Only 31 percent of those surveyed identified it as the central bank.

▷ **New experimental findings seriously challenge** the current assumption that the right and left hemispheres of the brain specialize in holistic and analytic processing, respectively. In a recent study, Dr. Justin Sergent of the psychology department of McGill University in Montreal found that the left hemisphere is better than the right at processing direct—information requiring higher resolution—when given enough time and information. The right hemisphere, on the other hand, specializes in processing more generalized, nonverbal input, it's a good guesser, interpreting low-frequency information faster than the left when time is brief or usage quality is poor. Some researchers have not identified major structural differences in the two hemispheres, but, according to Sergent, there is evidence that cortical cells in both face differently according to frequency of input and whether information is simple and diffuse or detailed and complex. Her conclusion: Brain processing may not be a matter of analytic versus holistic, but the result of more fundamental aspects of sensory input and cortical processing, such as reaction speed, exposure time, and task demand.

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ANTHONY/JOHN DE SOTO

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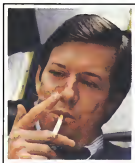
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